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THE
Poetical Miscellany,

Consisting of great Variety of

ODES,		TALES,
EPISTLES,		FABLES,
PASTORALS,		ÉPIGRAMS, &c.

Many of which are Originals.

Chap. To which are added, *Sept 1740*
Some select Essays and Letters
in PROSE.

Never printed before.

By the AUTHOR of the PROGRESS
of PHYSICK. *SCRIBBLE*

In TWO VOLUMES. *(Thomas)*

*Variety we still pursue;
In Pleasure seek for something New.*

SWIFT.

*All that the Fair approve is sweet,
And all is Sense that They repeat.*

PRIOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed and sold by R. WHITWORTH, at the *Feathers*,
in the *Poultry*; J. WARCUS, at the *Indian-Queen*,
facing the *Mansion-House*; W. HEARD, at the *Philo-*
biblican Library, Piccadilly; and R. RICHARDS, the
Corner of *Barnard's-Inn, Holborn*, 1754.

THE Poetical Miscellany

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in P



Never

By the AUTHOR of the Progress
of PHYSICK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Variety are his papers;
A Plethora for learning New.

Swift

But that the Poet's power is great,
And all his sense that they repeat.

Prior

L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by M. Whitworth, at the Theatre,
St. James's; W. Atterbury, at the Indian Office,
St. James's; W. Herring, at the Coffee House,
St. James's; and M. Richards, at the
Coffee House, Strand.



EPISTLE DEDICATORY

To the HONOURABLE the

Lady *CAROLINE* ----]

MADAM,



POOR *Peasant* once presented an
Apple to an *Emperor*, and it was
graciously receiv'd --- Since *Trifles* have
been thus *fortunate*, I flatter myself that

the following *Sheets* will meet with no less *Indulgence* from your *Ladyship* ----- Too true it is, that the *present Age* has been fruitful of *Miscellanies* ; and I wish it was less true, that even the best *Collections* of them (tho' handed to us by the brightest *Wits* of our *Family*) are not without some *Impurities*, which make them very unfit *Companions* for *Youth*, whose *Amusements* ought to be season'd with *Decency* and *Good-Manners*.

'Tis Pity any thing shou'd *approach* a Lady of your *tender Age*, that is not, like *yourself*, *delicate*, and at the same time, perfectly *Innocent* --- That while it entertains the *Imagination*, it may not infuse a
subtle

subtle *Poison* into the *Heart* --- That your growing *Mind*, like your *Person*, may be without *Fault*. 'Tis *this*, only, that can give your other *Perfections* their due *Value*, by making you *all Amiable* and *Lovely* --- *Vain*, alas! will be your Ladyship's *Wit*, *Sense*, and *Beauty*, without their genuine, and only *Supports* -- *Virtue*, and *Honour*!

'Twas this *Train of Reflection* that determin'd me to throw the following *Pieces* at your Ladyship's *Feet*; and -- if any thing cou'd *swell* a *Heart* dead to all *Vanity* --- how *proud* shou'd I be, hereafter, to see *Scribble's Miscellanies* rank'd in your Ladyship's *Library* with those of *Dryden* and *Pope*.

To open a *Work* dedicated to your *Ladyship* with a *Poem* that attacks *Beauty* in so *rude* a manner, may be deem'd an unpardonable *Impropriety* : All I have to say is --- the *Collection* was finish'd before I made the *Discovery*, and had given me so much *Trouble*, that I even dreaded the little that was requisite to alter my *Method*. However, the very *Title* of the *Poem* saves any further *Apology* --: 'Twas written in a Fit of the *Spleen*, which *discolours* all Objects, and makes the *brightest* look *dark* and *dismal* --- Under such unhappy *Circumstances*, we quarrel even with our *Fav'rite Selves*, and, (as Mr. *Addison*, our *English Virgil*, expresses it,)

The Day-light and the Sun grow painful to Us.

That

That there might be *something* to please every body, (*such*, at least, as have a *Right* to be *pleas'd*) I have made bold to introduce a few *Latin Compositions*, which your Ladyship will naturally think might as well as have been *spared*; but some of *our Sex* are of so exalted a *Taste* as to think that *Wit* and *Sense* lose much of their *Beauty* by being disguised in a *Modern Dress*. — I have therefore paid a due *Regard* to their *Delicacy* by complimenting them with *Both* deck'd in the *Old Roman Habit*.

In a Word --- *such* as it is, it claims your Ladyship's *Patronage*. Those happy *Prefages* of every *Female Excellence* which

charm *All* who have the *Honour* to *approach* you, cou'd not but make me *ambitious* of recommending this *Offspring* of the *Muses* to your Ladyship's *Protection*, who will, one Day, be their most *darling Theme*.

Please to *excuse* the *Freedom* of this *Address*, and permit me to *subscribe* myself, with all possible *Respect*,

Your LADYSHIP'S,

Most Obedient,

Most Humble, and

Most Devoted Servant,

TIMOTHY SCRIBBLE. K



T H E
P R E F A C E.

 *HE* Publisher of the following
Miscellanies, consisting chiefly of
Original Pieces, is in no great Pain about
the Reception they may meet with; nor, in-
deed, can any Man be so, who publishes
neither for Money, nor Fame. He can
have no Pretence to the Latter, who is chiefly
the humble Compiler of other Men's La-
bours

x The P R E F A C E.

bours -- or, (*if you please,*) a Master of the Ceremonies --- *whose Merit it is to introduce better Company to you than his Own. And yet even This done with proper Address, is commendable, and ought to have its Reward. Some Praise is due to the honest Industry of a Merchant, who imports Gums and Spices from the Indies, which Nature has, too partially, denied to his own Country, tho' we cannot extol his Wit, or his Parts.*

I had once Thoughts of introducing this Work by way of Subscription ; but I chose rather to exert a little Publick Spirit, by Printing it at my own Expence, than to use a Method render'd so infamous by some Modern Practitioners.

The

The Inquisitive will be strangely put to it, to find out who this Tim. Scribble is --- whilst I have the Pleasure of bugging myself in Obscurity, and mortifying their Curiosity by remaining a perfect Riddle --- nay, perhaps, I shall be the more respected on that very Account --- At least, I shall remove all ground for Prejudice --- no one's friendly Partiality can make me Vain -- no one's personal Spleen can be gratified at my Expence -- so that, after a fair Hearing, I shall be acquitted, or condemn'd, by the Voice of my Country -- that darling Prerogative of all true born Englishmen !

In vain will be the Endeavour to trace me out by my Family, which is infinitely more numerous than any amongst the Sons of Adam,

dam. *Innumerable are the Sprouts from our Illustrious Stock. If some having more Zeal than Knowledge, and Wit than Discretion, have lost their Ears on a Pillory; others, thro' all Ages, have retriev'd the Honour of our Family by exercising the first Offices in the State* *. *One Branch of it, within these few Years, has distinguish'd itself from all the Rest, but thro' an idle Quarrel that happen'd between us, they have endeavour'd to disguise their Relation by Latinizing their Name into -- Scribblers -- In plain English -- Scribbler -- or Scribble. I had Vanity enough, one while, to entertain Thoughts of assuming the same Appellation myself; but as a Man has no Reason to be asham'd of his Family, because*
there

* Alluding to the *Dunciad*.

there have been some Knaves and Dunces in it, (a Misfortune common to all Families) and I abhor the -- Imitatores servum Pecus -- I chose to retain my proper, tho' humbler Stile of --- Tim. Scribble.

But to say a Word of the following Collection. It consists chiefly of Original Pieces -- many of them (and those, I fear, the worst) are the Editor's own -- some never so much as handed about in Manuscript -- few ever committed to the Press before -- Those which have been so, are written with so much Spirit, and by such eminent Hands, that 'tis pity they shou'd fly about the World in loose Papers, or be confin'd to the scanty Limits of any one Miscellany. The several Paraphrases of Phædrus, and all the Fables (except the three First,) are Brats of Mine --
What

What Figure they may make before Strangers, I know not : Like other fond Parents, I was tempted to think favourably of 'em Myself, and to bring them into Company, tho' perhaps, it had been more prudent to have kept them at Home.

Upon the whole Matter -- such as these Sheets are, they are likely, for the most part, to have the Grace of Novelty to recommend them, which goes a great way in this Idle, Defultory Age. In a Word -- the Grave will find something to sooth their wise Spleen, and Those who are disposed to be innocently Merry, at no great Expence, may pick up enough, here and there, to make them laugh. As for the Libertine, I wou'd advise him to keep his Money in his Pocket, for he will be
much

much disappointed, if he expects to meet with the least Obscenity, or Profaneness.

*And now I might proceed to say as my Betters have done before me “ * that these
 “ Poems &c. had never seen the Light in this
 “ Dress, had I not thought the best Method I
 “ cou’d take for justifying myself, by whom many of them were compos’d, wou’d be to publish whatever loose Papers I have formerly
 “ written; not only such as have already stolen
 “ into the World (very much to my Regret,
 “ and perhaps, very little to my Credit) but
 “ such as in any Probability, hereafter may
 “ run the same Fate; having been obtain’d
 “ from me by the Importunity of Friends, &c.”*
Instead of This -- I shall follow a more noble and ingenuous Pattern, (as far as I am able,) and

* See Preface to Swift’s *Miscellanies*.

*and make the same Apology Lord * Shaftsbury did for publishing his Advices to an Author, viz. " that tho' I first
" collected These for Self-Entertainment,
" I thought it requisite that my Friends
" who peruse them, shou'd read them in better
" Characters than those of my own Hand-
" writing -- and if they be worth any Body's
" purchasing ; much good may they do the
" Purchaser."*

* See Characteristics. Vol. 1. P. 305.





T H E

Poetical Miscellany, &c.



A FIT *of the* SPLEEN.

In Imitation of SHAKESPEAR.

FAREWELL vain *World!* and *Thou* it vaineſt
Part,

O lovely *Woman!* form'd for Man's *Destruction!*

Beauty, like *Night-shade* to the teeming *Wife;*

If ſeen, gives *Wiſhes,* reſtleſs, endleſs *Longings —*

If taſted, *Death —* too hard *Decree* of *Fate,*

That *Life* muſt be a *Burthen,* or muſt end.

VOL. I.

B

Farewell

Farewell vain World! Dwelling of Ills and Fears!
 Full of fond *Hopes*—false *Joys*—and sad *Repentance*—
 For tho', sometimes, warm *Fancy* lights a *Fire*
 That mounting upwards, *darts* its pointed *Head*
 Up thro' the unopposing *Air* to *Heaven*;
 Yet then comes *Thought*—cold *Consideration* —
 Lame *After-thought*, with endless *Scruples* fraught,
Benumb'd with *Fears* to *damp* the goodly *Blaze*.

Farewell vain World! yet, ere I die, I'll find
Contentment's Seat, unknown to *Guilt* and *Sorrow*;
 Haste then, for nimble *Death* pursues me close;
 Methinks I hear his *Steps*, tho' trod in *Air* —
 My flutt'ring *Soul* seems like a *Bird* entrapt,
 That *beats* its *Wings* against the *Prison* Walls,
 And *fain* wou'd be at *Liberty* again.

Oft has the *Death-watch*, with ill boding *beats*,
 Forewarn'd me that my *Time* wou'd soon *expire*,
 And that *Life's Thread*, ne'er to be wound up more,
 Wou'd by the *Spring* of *Fate* be quickly drawn

To

To its full *stretch* — *Haste* then, and let me find
Some *Shelter*, that may shut out *Noise* and *Light*,
Save one *dj*m *Taper*, whose neglected *Snuff*,
Grown higher than the *Flame*, shall with its *Bulk*
Almost *extinguish* it. No *Noise* be there
But *that* of *Water*, ever *Friend* to *Thought*.

Hail gloomy *Shade* ! th' *Abode* of *Modesty* ;
Void of *Deceit* ; no glitt'ring *Objects* here
Dazzle the *Eyes*. And *Thou* delightful *Silence* !
Silence — the great *Divinity's Discourse* —
The *Angel's Language* — and the *Hermit's Pride* —
The *Sleep* of waking *Wisdom* — and its *Food*.
In *Thee Philosophers* have justly plac'd
The *Sovereign Good*, free from the broken *Vows*,
The *Calumnies*, *Reproaches*, and the *Lies*
Of which the *noisy, babbling World* complains.





On ETERNITY.

CEASE, cease, aspiring *Soul*, cease to extend
 Thy feeble *Views* to Things that have no *End*;
Eternity's a *Sea*, that knows no *Shore*;
 A *Depth*, that Reason's *Line* can ne'er explore;
 Nor *Days*, nor *Months*, nor *Years* her Age encrease,
 No *Yesterday* she knows —no *Morrow* sees.

Descend to *Time's* weak *Infancy*, behold
 How Things were form'd at first in *Nature's* Mould;
 How at the *Fiat*, Giant like, the *Sun*
 Broke from the *Goal*, his destin'd *Course* to run;
 Or yet descend to *Nothing's* ancient *Reign*,
 Thou'lt find that *something* further does remain.

Thus the smooth gliding *Thames* in *silence* flows,
 Whilst with his *Journey* still his *Chanel* grows;
 With Ease the wanton *Eye* can traverse o'er
 His wid'ning *Flood*, and skip from *Shore* to *Shore*;

Till

Till at the last, with tributary *Waves*
Swelling, o'er all his Subject *Banks* he raves;
Now *spreads* himself into a vast *Immense*,
And with a boundless *Waste* confounds the *Sense*.

Nor will't avail to fend thy dazzled *Eye*
Thro' the dark *Regions* of *Futurity* —
See *Elements* embroil'd — see *Virgil's Troy* —
The *last* of Things — the fatal *Flames* destroy —
Æras to *Æras* — *Time* to *Time* annex —
Till nameless *Numbers* thy sick *Brain* perplex
With their extended *Train*, yet still thou'lt find
A vast unbounded *Series* left behind.

So have I often seen fond *Children* try
From yonder *Hill* to touch th'expanded *Sky*;
Thither they *hasten* — but, with sad *Surprise*,
Still see the arched *Roof* above them rise;
Again they take their *Course* with eager *Pace*;
Again the *Phantom* flies their vain *Embrace*.



CHLOE'S PARROT.

DEAR feather'd *Cupid*, pratling *Thing*,
Happier than the happiest *King*;
 Thy *Form*, sweet *Bird*, who wou'd not wear,
 Thus to attend and please the *Fair*.
 Were I a mighty thund'ring *Jove*,
 No *Swan* shou'd e'er disguise my *Love*;
 Deck'd in thy *Plumes* my *Fate* I'd try,
 And dare my *Charmer's Cruelty*.
 What's filly *Man* compar'd to *Thee*,
 What's his dull *Rationality*?
 A reas'ning *Ideot* here I fit,
 For nought but solid *Sense* I'm fit,
 While pretty *Poll*'s a perfect *Wit*.

But since I can't my *Lot* forego,
 Since I can't be that happy *Thou* ---
 Tell my *Chloe* all my *Anguish*,
 How I love --- and how I languish ---

Tell

Tell her to pity all my *Pain*,
 And tell — for *Thou* tell'st nought *in vain* —
 Tell her that *she* must love *again*.
 But shou'd *she* still *reject* my *Vows*,
 Still shou'd *she* call them empty *Shows*,
Desp'rate I'll then *disdain* to *live*,
 And what *Life* cannot — *Death* shall *give*.
 Thy *Green* my widow'd *Soul* shall *wear*,
 A Fav'rite *Parrot* I'll *appear*,
 And *Chloe's* *Frowns* no longer *fear*.





From ANACREON.

AS *Yesterday*, intent on *Love*,
 For *Chloe* I a *Garland* wove;
 Who, midst the *Roses*, shou'd I find,
 But *Him* who always hits, tho' *blind*;
 I took by 's *Wings* the little *God*,
 And (what you'll think extremely *odd*)
 I *squeez'd* him straight into my *Cup*,
 Drank *Chloe's* Health --- and supp'd him up.

Hence 'tis his tickling *Plume* I feel;
 Hence 'tis the *Knave* lies never still;
 Ne'er since that *Hour* the *Rogue* wou'd part,
 But *skips*, and *flutters* round my *Heart*.





An ODE.

I.

TO *Morrow* I shall see the *Fair*,
When will to *Morrow* come?
Must I the lazy *Motion* wait
Of that slow *Pendulum*?

II.

Hours, Minutes, Seconds slowly pass,
The Sun a *loiterer* seems,
He curbs his fiery *Courfers* fure;
Grown *lavish* of his *Beams*.

III.

Swift as my *Wishes* speed thy *Flight*
With unexpected *Morn*;
The Western *Hemisphere* surprize,
Then quickly back *return*.

IV.

IV.

If busy *Mortals* shou'd complain,
 Thy *Race* so swiftly run,
 Give them (when I am blest with *her*)
Two Days instead of *One*.

V.

Nor is it new the *Boon* I ask;
 You granted it to *Jove*,
 When one *Night*, sure, had been enough
 For more than *Mortal Love*.



*On a LADY with a fine Shape, but homely
 Face.*

ZELINDA's Shape, exact in ev'ry Part,
 I late beheld --- and nigh had lost my *Heart*.
Love smil'd --- nor wou'd my *Pain* shou'd long endure,
 Her *Face* disclos'd, afforded instant *Cure*.

So

So when from far old *Athos* we descry,
Th' Extreame of *Nature* strike the doubtful Eye;
The verdant *Landskip* charms the View below,
While endless *Frost* deforms its haggard Brow.



H Y M N to VENUS.

In Imitation of HORACE, Lib. I. Ode 30.

CNIDIAN Goddess, *Paphian Queen*,
Forbear in *Cyprus* to be seen;
Hasten to us who *Thee* invoke,
Behold thy flaming *Altar* smoke;
So neat, so pleasant is the *Dome*,
I vow, you'll think yourself at *home*.
The glowing *Boy*, and *Graces* too,
Whose wanton *Garments* loosely flow;
The *Nymphs* so blith, the *Nymphs*, I prithee,
Good *Venus*! let the *Nymphs* come with *Thee*;
Bring *Youth*, insipid without *Thee*,
And last of all — Friend *Mercury*.



An EPISTLE *from* W. S. Esq; *at* Welchpool
in Montgomeryshire *to* *his* Lady. Anno
 1728.

THE *Health*, my gentle *Love* thou gav'st to me,
 From *Cambrian* Climes, the *Muse* returns to
 Thee;

Haply this *Verse* may much thy *Wonder* move,
Verse unprovok'd by *Rill*, or shady *Grove*;
 Yet neither *Rill* nor *Shade*, nor *Spring* so clear,
 The *Muses* constant *Haunts* are wanting here.
 Such is the *Seat* that *P*—— owns for *Lord*,
 Such Views does *Art* with *Nature* join'd afford;
 Tho' long estrang'd, the *Muse* once more returns,
 And my whole *Soul* with sacred *Rapture* burns.

Lo! here the *Scenes* around delightful rise,
 Thy Image fills my *Breast*, and they my *Eyes*;

Such

Such is the *Spot* as the *Idalian Grove*,
Alone created for the Scene of *Love*;
The beauteous Spot by *Hills* furrounded lies,
That seem to bear aloft the distant *Skies*;
These bar the *Entrance* of the ruder *Winds*,
The gentle *Breeze*, alone, a *Passage* finds,
Whose *Breath* can only raise the kindled *Fire*,
And fan the *Flame* thy dearest *Eyes* inspire.
On the proud *Summit* of a lofty *Rock*,
Too fixt for all but *Nature's* latest *Shock*,
The spacious *Dome* with lordly *Aspect* stands,
Like *George*, design'd to *grace* what it *commands*;
To whose firm *Base*, but far beneath, arise
Here thickest *Glades*; there *Gardens* meet the *Eyes*;
The *Planter's* here; there shines the *Sculptor's* *Hand*;
And manly *Forms* in breathing *Marble* stand.

But chief my *Muse* the watry *Stores* delight,
That strive to emulate the *Mountain's* height;
Rush fiercely forth --- then spring aloft in vain ---
The *Stream* dispers'd in *Tears* descends again.

High

14 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

High on the Mount a *Grott* confines the *View*,
Bedeck'd with *Shells* of many a lovely *bue* ;
Th' imperial Court of *Nereus* can disclose
Not more, nor of more various *Forms* than *Those*,
When to the wide-extended *Ocean's King*
The Sea-born *Train* their ample *Tribute* bring.
But Thou, whoe'er, that tread'st the specious *Ground*,
Beware the *Guile* too near *Approach* has found ;
The curious *Guest* here enters bold, nor dreams
Of upper --- nether --- and furrounding *Streams*.
A thousand *Springs* around, beneath, above,
Break forth, amain, throughout the wide *Alcove*.
With awkward *Fear* he frisks the *Streams* among,
And endless *Laughter* shakes th'attending *Throng*.

Say *Muse*, the *Pile* where plac'd in meet *Array*
The *Cæsar's* Line their Godlike *Forms* display ;
Egregious *Work* ! in polish'd *Marble* shine
The *Julian Race*, and speak their *Source* divine.

But lo! the God of *Verse* bids here *forbear*, —
Th' obedient *Nymph*, observant, bends her Ear,

And

And griev'd she drops the yet unfinish'd *Theme*,
Nor can commend — whom yet she may esteem —
O *P—s*, potent *Lord* of wide *Domains* !
O cou'dst thou leave whom black *Rebellion* stains!
Nor thou, mistaken *Worthy* ! still refuse
The faithful *Counsel* of an adverse *Muse* ;
Yet turn — and view no more with envious *Pain*
The Sweets of *Liberty* — and *George's* *Reign* —
Haste to his *Court* whom *Heav'n* does hourly own,
And guards with *Arms* outstretch'd his awful *Throne* ;
There haste to shine in *Virtue's* proper *Sphere*,
Nor blend thy *Worth* with ragged *Traytors* here ;
O quit this fairest *Spot* of *Cambrian* *Ground*,
Which endless *Tracts* of haggard *Rocks* surround.



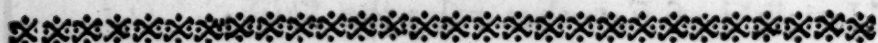
SPRING *and* PHOEBUS. A Tale.

SPRING vex'd to see by one Night's *Frost*,
 The *Toil* of many Days was *lost*;
 His *Flowers* were kill'd, his *Buds* were nipp'd,
 His *Gardens* and his *Groves* were stripp'd;
 Addresses his *Complaint* and *Prayer*
 To the bright *Ruler* of the *Year*.
Phæbus, crys he, with all my Heart
 Let ev'ry *Season* take its Part;
 To lazy *Winter* over-kind,
 Out of *Twelve* Months you've *Three* assign'd;
 And yet to *me* you gave no more;
 Whose *Task* is heaviest of the *Four*;
 Then pray confine him to his *Bounds*,
 And let him not thus spoil my *Grounds*;
 But *Phæbus* paid him small *Regard*,
 He own'd, indeed, his *Case* was *hard*;

He

He talk'd of *Fate* that rules the *Skies* ;
Bid him be *patient* — and be *wise* —
And not with Frowns his *Features* spoil,
But straight *resume* his wonted *Toil* ;
Bestir his *Stumps*, and soon he'd *mend* it,
His *Work* wou'd *speed*, if he'd *attend* it.
Spring, who such *Usage* ne'er expected,
Not brooking to be thus *neglected*,
Forfakes the *Earth*, and with swift *Pace*,
Fled to *Clarissa's* youthful *Face* ;
From *Blights* and *Frosts* secure, now *there*
He *smiles*, and *blossoms* all the *Year*.





BUCHANAN'S ODE to CAMILLA
MORELLIA.

Imitated, and inscrib'd to Lady S——

I.

SELINDA's dearer than *my self*,
Or what I value more;
Her Parents, and her Country's *Pride*,
The *Idol* I adore.

II.

If then the *Graces* love thee not,
I'll swear they have no *Grace*;
If *Wisdom's* self admire thee not,
Then *Wisdom's* self's an *Ass*.

III.

What --- not a *Virgin* who as yet
Scarce ripe for *Hymen's* Joys,
Minerva's utmost *Arts* exceeds,
And bears away the *Prize*.

IV.

IV.

A *Virgin*, who with greater *Skill*
Than *Phæbus* tunes the *Lyre* ;
Outsings the *Muses*, and *excels*
Each *Grace*, in *Wit* and *Fire*.

V.

These *Fruits*, great *C*— ! ought the *Plant*
Sprung from thy *Stock*, to bear ;
That *grew* beneath thy kindly *Shade*,
And *flourish'd* by thy *Care*.



To the same.

I.

WHEN *Nature's* Works, with studious *Eye*,
The busy *Mind* explores,
It traces perfect *Harmony*,
Exerting all it's *Powers*.

II.

In vain — for in th' *Eternal Mind*
 The bright *Idea* reigns,
 And what it is — or how defin'd —
Exceeds our utmost *Pains*.

III.

Wearied and spent i'th' fruitless *Search*,
 Our baffled *Skill* we own,
 The *Phantom* flies our fond *Embrace*,
 Her *Footsteps* only *known*.

IV.

But see — indulgent to thy *Prayer*,
 Kind *Heav'n* at last relents,
 And in *Selinda*, Virgin fair,
 The *Object* represents.

V.

Transcrib'd in *her*, sweet *Harmony*
Apparent meets thy *Eyes*,
 And what cou'd only *fancied* be,
 Thy ev'ry *Sense* employs.

VI.

Confess'd it dwells in ev'ry *Grace*,
Does ev'ry *Air* inspire.
It *breathes* upon her melting *Voice*,
And *trembles* on her *Lyre*.



*To the Author of a Poem on Miss H—
since Countess of P—e.*

I.

WHOE'ER thou art, whose daring *Muse*
By *H—*'s resistless *Merit* fir'd,
Her for thy deathless *Theme* did choose;
With a Poetic *Warmth* inspir'd;
Let her be still the *Subject* of thy *Lays*,
For *Worth* like *her's* alone deserves such *Praise*.

II.

Yet while thy *Soul*, intent upon her *Worth*,
 Wou'd pay it the *Applause* we've ow'd so long,
 Will it not give the Monster *Envy* birth,
 And blast the just Endeavour of thy *Song*?
 Thy *Song* her other *Charms* may safely grace,
 But dwell not on the *Beauties* of her *Face*.

III.

Her *Beauty* does not want the Aid of *Verse*;
 To prove it's *Force* she need but to *appear*,
 And while with *Rapture* you her *Charms* rehearse,
 You tempt too much the *Hatred* of the *Fair*.
 To praise her *Virtues* they will *all* agree,
 And *these* will furnish endless *Themes* for *Thee*.

IV.

Tell the *Unthinking* who in *Beauty* vie;
 Who place their little *Pride* in being *Fair*;
 The snowy *Bosom* — or the sparkling *Eye* —
 These *Charms* are not, alone, the *Poet's* Care;

That

That there are *others* boast as great a *Claim*,
And that as much *Immortalize* the *Name*.

V.

Then sing of *H*— and let thy *Song* contain
A just *Applause* first to her *Wit* and *Sense* ---
Blind to such *Beauty* as might make her *vain*,
In *Virtue's Cause* severe without *Offence* :
Then dare a *Daughter's Duty* to commend,
Then praise her as a *Sister* and a *Friend*.



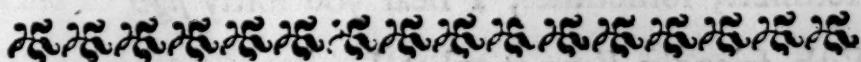


*Occasion'd by a Copy of Verses being left
upon the Author's Table.*

IF *Evil Sp'rites* when they forsake
Their *Haunts*, (as *Sages* think,)
Do never fail to leave behind
A *Curse* --- they call a --- *flink*.

Some *Good* --- some *Guardian-Angel* thou ---
Hast graciously thought fit,
Content and pleas'd with thy *Abode*,
To *bless* it with your *Wit*.





An EPISTLE to C. D. Esq; Under
S — t — y of St — e.

WHILE I, my *Friend*, indulge the rural *Scene*,
And find my wish'd-for *Ease* return'd again;
Reproach me not; nor think I waste away
In painful *Inactivity* the Day;
Tho' nor the *feather'd*, nor the *savage Race*
Avoid my *Aim*, or *Ardour* in the *Chace*;
The sacred *Muse* employs my *Soul* and *Eyes*,
With the grave *Precepts* of the truly *wise*;
These *Joys* serene, and unallay'd *impart*,
And charm my *Fancy*, while they mend my *Heart*:
Mean while the *Queen of Cities* thee detains,
Where *Europe's Arbiter* in *Splendor* reigns;
Thee she detains, *respected* by the *Great*,
Anxious and *watchful* for the *British State*.
And yet the verdant *Scenes* thy *Thoughts engage*,
Retreat reserv'd for *honourable Age*;

Methinks

26 *The POETICAL MISCELLANY.*

Methinks, sometimes, I hear you softly *sigh*
 With friendly *Envy* at what I *enjoy*;
 What oft I've heard you *wish* --- revolve alone ---
 And curse the *Throng* and *Hurry* of the *Town*;
 Methinks, I hear the *Language* of thy *Heart*,
 Panting for *Rest* --- and what no *Courts* impart ---
 You seem to say --- when yet shall I be *free*?
 Happy, thrice happy *Friend*! and think on *Me*.
 But oh! forbear a while, and deign t'attend
 Th' officious *Counsel* of thy meanest *Friend*;
 With stubborn *Patience* arm'd, thy *Lot* sustain,
 The only *Remedy* for certain *Pain*:
 Think how the *Gods* divide our mortal *Cares*,
 Each, fitted to his *Strength*, his *Burthen* bears;
 Who turns the *Glebe*, or tends the grazing *Herd*,
 To *Cares* of *State* unaptly is *preferr'd*;
 The equal *Deity* with forming *Hand*,
 Some fits t' *obey* --- and others to *Command*;
 Some take the venerable *Temple's* *Care*,
 Some shine in *Courts*, while others grace the *Bar*;

One

One to get *Wealth* his grov'ling *Mind* applies,
Thro' stormy *Seas*, and under distant *Skies*;
All these are *useful* in their proper *Arts* —
The *Whole* wou'd *suffer*, shou'd they change their
Parts.

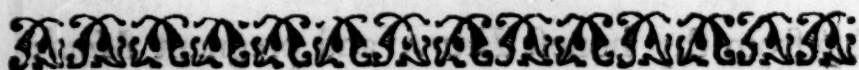
In *Thee*, *Britannia's Guardian* Aid must find,
Help from thy honest *Heart*, and pregnant *Mind*;
Her high *Concerns* are *trusted* to thy *Breast*,
And *Thou* must *wake* — to give thy *Country rest* :
These are the *Arts* the *Gods* to *thee* have giv'n,
Such is the *Care* assign'd to *thee* by *Heav'n* :
The noble *Task* shou'd swell thy *Heart* with *Joy*;
Happy the *Man* whom *GEORGE* does thus *employ* !

Thus *judge* — and *long* no more for my *Recess*,
Haply *mistaken*, if thou think'st it *Ease* :
Feels he no *Toil*, who *Day* and *Night* *explores*,
Intent on learning *Wisdom's* hidden *Stores* ?
Explores with *Labour* — yet, perhaps, in *vain* —
And runs the *Course* — forbidden to *obtain* ?

Hard

28 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Hard is the *Task* --- yet never can be *thine*,
 No need for *thee* to dig in *Wisdom's Mine*;
 What I, to *compass*, fruitless *Toil* have us'd,
 By a rare *Gift* was with thy *Soul infused*;
 Which at first *Manhood* full advances made,
 And, *self-inform'd*, ask'd no *external Aid*.



On Miss R---r having the Tooth-ach.

I.

FLY hence -- far hence -- distracting *Pain!*
Eliza's Beauty spare;
 Let ugly *Vice* of thee complain,
 Not *Innocence* so fair.

II.

So rude a *Foe* --- so soft a *Frame*
 Unable is t'*endure*;
 O let *me* suffer all thy *Rage*,
 If *that* may be her *Cure*.

III.

III.

I have a *Heart* that well cou'd bear
The utmost thou canst do ;
In *her* the slightest *Anguish* proves
Intolerable *Woe*.

IV.

Insulting *Tyrant* ! This you knew,
And thus you shew'd your *Art*,
There was no other way to wound
My *sympathizing* Heart.



The CHARACTER *of an* HONEST MAN.

NOR *High Church*, nor *Low Church*, nor *Tory*,
nor *Whig* ;
Nor flutt'ring young *Coxcomb*, nor formal Old *Prig* ;
I can laugh at a *Jest*, if not told out of *Time*,
And excuse a *Mistake*, but not flatter a *Crime* :
Unbias'd, I view Things around as they pass,
Nor *squint* at the *Great* thro' a blackening *Glass* :
The

The *Faults* of my *Friends* I'd scorn to *expose*;
 And *detest* private *Scandal*, tho' cast on my *Foes*:
 I put *none* to the *Blush* upon any *Pretence*,
 For *Immodesty* shocks both *Good-manners* and *Sense*:
 No Man's *Person* I *bate*, tho' his *Conduēt* I *blame*,
 I can censure a *Crime*, without naming a *Name*:
 To *amend*, not *expose*, is the *Turn* of my *Mind*,
 For *Reproof* must be lost, if *Ill-Nature* be join'd:
 When *Merit* appears, tho' in *Rags* I respect it,
 And will plead *Virtue's* Cause, tho' the *World* shou'd
 reject it.

Cool *Reason* I bow to, where-ever 'tis *found*,
 And *rejoice* when true *Learning* with *Honour* is
 crown'd.

No *Party* I serve — in no *Quarrel* I join —
 Nor *damn* the *Opinion* that differs from *mine*.
 No *Corruption* I *screen*, tho' no *Treason* I *sing*:
 I'm a *Friend* to my *Country*, yet true to my *King*.



An EPISTLE to LÆLIUS.

O SAY, dear *Lælius*! can that Person please,
Who calls you from your own to Thoughts like
these?

Say — can your *Love* o'erlook the *Want* of *Art* —
Forgive th' *Expression* — and accept the *Heart*?
That *Heart* which once in cold *Suspensions* lost,
Quits at thy *Name* it's long-contracted *Frost* ;
Melts at thy *Image*, destin'd all for you,
And longs to shew, and feel, that *Friendship* may be
true.

So may thy future *Years* in *Transports* fly,
By *Virtue* lengthen'd — cheer'd by guiltless *Joy*;
May *Fortune* once be constant, if she can,
And shew the *World* she loves one honest *Man* :
Wisely may'st thou thy present *Bliss* maintain,
Nor let one *Folly* shew the *Gift* was vain :

And

And oh ! whene'er *Hope's* treach'rous *Breezes* play,
 (Those treach'rous *Hopes* that *flatter* and *betray*)
 May thy kind *Genius* rise with * *Clio's Face*,
 And *lure* thee from the *Rocks* that wreck thy *Peace*:
 So shall that *Form* thy wav'ring *Heart* reprove,
 And *Wisdom* wooe thee in the *Garb* of *Love*.

Thus let thy *Noon* of *Life* (those *Clouds* withdrawn
 Whose melancholly *Gloom* o'erspreads thy *Dawn*)
 With pleasing *Warmth*, and constant *Sunshine* glow;
 Such *Warmth* as *Poets*, *Friends*, and *Lovers* know:
 And when cool *Age* (the *Grave* of young *Desire*)
 Checks the brisk *Muse*, and chills the *Lover's Fire*;
 When venerable *Silver* decks thy *Hair*,
 And *Weakness* binds thee to thy *Elbow Chair*;
 With thy dear *Mate*, a long experienc'd *Friend*,
 In sober *Chat* *Life's* chearful *Evening* spend;

Till

* His *Lady* — whose *Genius* for *Poetry* gives her a just *Claim*
 to that *Appellation* — tho' her *Modesty* and *Diffidence* (unfortunate-
 ly for the *Public*) cannot be prevail'd upon to *communicate* several
 shining *Proofs* of it.

Till one soft *Gasp* the pleasing *Converse* close,
And join the *Lovers* in their last *Repose* :
Then *raptur'd* with your *Joys*, your beauteous *Race*,
With like *Success*, their *Parents Love* shall trace;
The glorious *Scene* from Age to Age *renew*,
And owe their *Virtue*, and their *Bliss* to you.



On a L A D Y *masked.*

In Imitation of COWLEY — Anno 1684. —

Humbly inscrib'd to CLARISSA.

I.

THO' it may seem in *Times* to come,
A *Paradox* to *Love* — and know not *whom* —
And I shou'd once have thought so too:

Yet, my *Heart*, thou needs must *know*

That it *is not* — 'tis not *so*.

Thou 'st found those *Methods* out,
By which 'tis plainly brought about;
Reasons unanswerably *true*.

II.

First her *Hand* I strictly view'd,
White, beyond all *Similitude*,
Small as *Proportion* cou'd allow ;
 So *clear* that one might *see*,
 Plainer than by *Anatomy*,
 The intricate *Conveyances* of *Life* :
 Sweet were it's *Motions*, sweet it's *Air*,
 Nay — I saw killing *Features* there.

III.

This very subtle *Thing*, tho' I
Observ'd it with a watchful *Eye*,
 And shou'd have thought myself *secure* ;
 Nay the *Theft* yet stranger was,
 My *Observation* was the *Cause*
 By which, and some præstigious *Art*,
 It *stole* away my willing *Heart*.

IV.

IV.

Her *Bosom*, next my *Eyes* possess'd,
Stood fix'd -- and *feasted* on her *Breast* --
Uncertain when it sweetest shew'd,
When it *ebb'd*, and when it *flow'd* :
There snowy *Whiteness*, *Azure Blue*,
All such like *Flattery* was *due*,
And ev'ry *Fiction* proved *true*.

V.

And had not *this* sufficient been,
Tho' I *nothing* else had *seen* ?
But *there* lay *Eyes* in *Ambuscade*,
And *shot thro' Holes* on purpose made;
And easy 'twas to *find*
What *Beauty* lay *behind*,
For in the outward *Circle* of her *Face*,
I spy'd a *Part*, at least, of ev'ry *Grace*.

VI.

So tho' the *Sun* withdraws his *Light* ;
 And *fright* us with unusual *Night*,
 Yet *kindly* round the black *Disguise*,
 In a bright *Circle*, he *displays*
 Some *Pattern* of his *Rays* ;
 Enough to bid the silly *World* be *Wise* ;
 And know that *Day* is not for ever *done*,
 That he remains the *same*, and is the *Sun*.



Occasion'd



*Occasion'd by the Author's being ask'd if
ever he was in LOVE.*

WHY shou'd *Dorinda* proudly ask to know
If her sad *Thyrsis* ever lov'd, or no?
'Tis too *tyrannic* --- too insulting *Art* ---
To torture, then to ask me if I smart.
Consult thy *Eyes* --- let them confess how few
They ever saw, and did not conquer too:
Or are their *Trophies* now so num'rous grown,
That I, your meaner *Captive*, am not known?
Whatever *absent Slaves* you do not know,
Whoe'er is *present*, think him surely so.

That *Question's* vain, unworthy a *Reply*,
Which doubts th' *Effect*, when such a *Cause* is by ;

38 *The POETICAL MISCELLANY.*

Thy charming *Voice*, in it's harmonious *Sounds*,
Answers itself --- and while it *asks*, it *wounds*:
 There does my *Soul* it's strongest *Fetters* find,
 In thy *Immortal Self* --- the *Beauties* of thy *Mind*.



On a LADY playing upon the LUTE.

VENUS one Day bid all her *Loves*
 Prepare her *Chariot*, and her *Doves*;
Apollo with his *Lute* was *there*,
 And *both* agreed to take the *Air*:
 Neglected *Cupid* wept to find
Music in league with *Beauty* join'd;
 The angry *Dame* broke all his *Darts*,
 And out she *drove* to conquer *Hearts*:
Depos'd and *abdicated Love*
 Made his *Appeal* in vain to *Jove*.

Jove

Jove from his *Throne* approv'd the *Deed*,
 And thus the *King of Kings* decreed ---
Beauties, henceforth, I will create,
 Shall do the *Work of Love* and *Fate*.

Thus kills *Lutetia* with unerring *Rays*
 Like *Venus* looks --- and like *Apollo* plays.



The CLIENT'S WARNING-PIECE.

A TENDER *Sheep*, to shun a *Storm*,
 Betook her to a *Briar*,
 Thick set with many a pointed *Thorn*,
 Where not one drop of *Wet* came nigh her.
 --- 'Twas wisely done --- say you ---
 But when the *Storm* was o'er, forth came
 Strip'd of much *Fleece*, the tatter'd *Dame*.
 And pray --- what think you now?

A Lesson this to *Clients* all
 To keep far off from *Rufus' Hall*,
 And not *dispute* small Matters:
Better a little *Loss* ---
 Than after much *Expence* and *Trouble*,
 In *fighting* for an airy *Bubble*,
 Successfully to win one's *Cause*,
 And so go *home* in *Tatters*.





*On the Wretch who defac'd the KING's
STATUE in Grosvenor-Square.*

IN dark *Oblivion* bury'd be his *Name*,
Of future *Pens* no more the hated *Theme*:
Oh! be not *Human Nature* guilty known
Of what *Mankind* must ever blush to own!
Live, to thy self a *Hell*, whoe'er thou art,
That cou'd thy boundless *Malice* thus exert,
And stab a grateful *Nation* to the *Heart*.



An EPIGRAM.

On a very bad WRITER.

POOR *Bardus*, you say, scarce a *Livelihood* gets --
How sho'd he, I trow --- when he *lives* by
his *Wits*.

PHILE-

PHILEMON *to* FIDELIO.*An Invitation into the Country.*

WHILST here the tardy-moving *Hours* I
 spend;
 Far, far from *Thee*, my best and dearest *Friend*;
 Inly I *pine* --- torn from each gay *Delight*
 That charms the list'ning *Ear*, or cheers the *Sight*;
 The * heatless *Sun* the *Birds* no longer greet,
 The *Herds* forget to low --- the *Flocks* to bleat ---
 With languid *Gleams* the *Sky* is sickly'd o'er,
 And suff'ring *Nature* wears her *Smiles* no more:
 The sadden'd *Scene* my *Breast* with *Horror* chills;
 Here Ice-girt *Rivers* --- there bleak Snow-topp'd
 Hills—

To

* This was written in the last Great Frost. Anno 1739-40.

To *Joy* — to *Thee* — to ev'ry *Comfort* lost,
My *Senses*, like the *Stream*, bound up with *Frost* —
But warm my *Friendship* still — that still *defies*
The keenest *Influence* of inclement *Skies* ;
Blooms e'en in *Norfolk's* wide extended *Plains*,
Where *Winter* with unbounded *Rigour* reigns ;
True to it's *Source*, and faithful to thy *Worth*,
Whence first, in early *Youth*, it had it's *Birth* ;
Ere *Fraud's* foul *Trade* our artless *Bosoms* knew,
Our *Souls* united — and our *Friendship* grew ;
In the chaste *League* base *Int'rest* had no *Part*,
But in-born *Love* flow'd gen'rous from the *Heart*.
Yes — twenty rolling *Years* of *Absence* prov'd
How strong the *Union* — and how well we lov'd.
Soon as we met (*blest*'d be th' auspicious *Hour*
That gave thy *Virtues* to thy *Friend* once more !)
Say — did'st not *thou* a kindred *Joy* receive ;
Such *Joy* as *Love* and *Friendship* only give ?
Oh ! may thro' *Life* the noble *Ardour* last,
And glad the *Future* — as it blest'd the *Past* !

More

44 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

More *worth* the *Transport* that from *Friendship* springs,
 Than all the *Pride* of *State*, and *Pomp* of *Kings* :
 It's genial *Warmth* diffus'd thro' ev'ry *Stage*,
Inspirits *Youth* — and *thaws* the *Ice* of *Age* —
Smooths o'er the anxious *Brow* of deep *Distress*,
Improves our *Joy* — and makes our *Sorrows* less —
Soots the poor sun-burnt *Peasant's* ceaseless *Toil*,
 And — *Slaves* to *Grandeur*, — makes ev'n *Monarchs*
smile :

Unblest'd by *Friendship's* all-enliv'ning *Beams*,
Wretched alike, a *GEORGE*, and out-cast *James*.

Come then, my *Friend* ! whom *true* to *Honour's*
Cause ;

No *Lust* of *Wealth* — nor wild *Ambition* draws ;
 Whom *Reason* guides — whose rich *Poetic Vein*
 Ne'er varnish'd *Vice* — nor fix'd on *Worth* a *Stain* !
 Who *wisely* *Gay* enjoys the present *Hour*,
 No *Libertine* profane — nor *Bigot* four —
 In *Virtue* bold — by no vain *Doubts* perplex'd,
This *Scene* lives *guiltless* o'er — nor *fears* the *next* ;

Th'

Th' *Intrigues* of *State*, with scornful *Eye*, who *views*,
Truth's honest *Plan*, with steady *Zeal*, pursues;
Ally'd to *Peers* — and yet of *Manners* plain —
Conscious of native *Excellence* — not *Vain* —
Who nicely still *observes* the golden *Mean*,
Not mad with *Mirth* — nor ever mop'd with *Spleen*;
Whose *Classic Taste* each *Genius* knows to hit,
And season *Roman Sense* with *Attic Wit*.

Oh! come *Fidelio* — teach me to despise
The blooming *Sweets* of more indulgent *Skies*!
More balmy *Fragrance* from thy *Converse* flows
Than *India* boasts — or honey'd *Hybla* knows;
Thy social *Spirit* even *here* can warm,
And *Winter* of it's keenest *Rage* disarm;
In *Phæbus'* stead, Oh! dart th' enliv'ning *Ray*,
Dispel this *Gloom* of *Night*, and give the *Day*.



ISGRIM *and* BELIN,
OR THE
WOLF *and the* LAMB.

PHÆ, Fab. I.

ISGRIM *and Belin*, on a Day,
Repair'd to *drink* the self same way;
To the same *Stream*, but not together;
The One *above*, — *below* the other.
Isgrim, who wanted much to *dine*,
And, of all Things, lov'd *Mutton Chine*;
In *Hunger's* Anguish saw it near him,
Resolv'd at any Rate to *tear* him:
But that the *Neighbours* might not say,
He did not give the *Sheep* fair play;

He

He held it best, t' invent a *Reason*,
Why he shou'd *eat* him at that *Season*;
And one that shou'd appear much stronger
Than the *exploded* one of — *Hunger*.

“ *Sirrah* — quoth *He* — what is the matter —
“ That thus you *muddify* my *Water* ?
“ You make here such a *Dirt* and *Stink* ;
“ I may be *chok'd* — but cannot *drink*.

“ *Sir* — quoth the *Mutton* — pray be *easy* —
“ I have done nothing to *displease* ye —
“ Please to *observe* — I drink *below* —
“ The *Stream* from *you* to *me* does *flow* ;
“ With great *Submission*, I must say,
“ The *Mud* I raise, goes t' *other way*.

The *Wolf* soon found this *Reasoning* strong,
But was not in his *Answer* long.

“ *Varlet*

“ *Varlet* — quoth *he* — I’ve been told how
 “ You us’d my *Name* fix Months ago,
 “ When in a certain *Conversation*,
 “ You spoke of *me* in *sland’rous Fashion*.

“ Alas! good *Sir!* the *Sheep* reply’d,
 “ Indeed, I’ve foully been *bely’d*;
 “ ’Tis *false*, whatever you’ve been told,
 “ For I am yet not *four Months old*.

“ *Rascal!* quoth *Ifgrim* — in high *Tone* —
 “ Your *Father* did — and that’s all *one* —
 “ I’ll teach you *Scoundrel*” — and then caught
 Th’ unwary *Bleater* by the *Throat*:
 Who fell, on this poor, *No-pretence*,
 A *Sacrifice* to *Impudence*.

— *Dos*



— *Dos est uxor* Lites.

OVID.

OMNIBUS arma Parenstribuit *Natura*, deditque
Noscere *Præsidii*, vimque modumque fui:

Dente *Lupus*, *Taurusque* armatâ fronte minatur,

Acrior infestos *Fæmina* voce petit:

Ad bella hâc *stimulat* mentes, hâc *aggerat* iras,

Linguaque vel stricto sævior *ense* furit.

Sævus init *Pugnam* sævâ cum *Conjuge*, *Conjux*,

Hic strenuus rigido corpora fuste dolat;

Hæc fundit contrâ clamosæ *opprobria* linguæ,

Voceque, *verberibus* dum furit *Ille*, furit:

VOL. I.

E

Perpetuo

50 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Perpetuo *sonitu* miseras ita verberat *Aures*,

Ut citò *Vir* rabidâ victus ab *Hoste* cadat.

Nec tantùm in *Terris* sequitur *Victoria* vocem; ---

Vel magnum terret *Lingua* proterva *Jovem*;

Ut nos horremus *Jaculantem* *Fulmina*, *Dextram*,

Sic *Linguâ* hic *Sponsæ* fulmina missa timet.

Discipuli quinos *Samii* filuere per annos,

Nec licuit, donec jam *sapere*, *loqui*.

Vix credo hauserunt *Samicæ* hæc præcepta *Puellæ*,

Vix *tacitæ* hæ *Studiis* incubuere *suis*.

Jugitè effundit dicenda, tacenda *Puella*,

Nec potis est unum *Lingua* tacere *Diem*.

Carcere dum *Philomela* latet, linguamque revulsam

Luget, quæ *Curæ* sola *medela* fuit;

Pingit acer *Terei* vario subtemine *Crimen*,

Et prodit *Dextrâ*, quod nequit *Ore*, scelus:

Et quisquam pressâ celare Arcana *Puellam*

Expectet *Linguâ*, cum neque *Dextra* tacet?

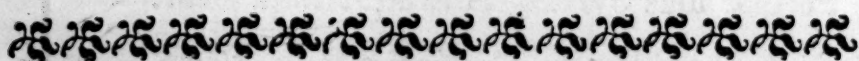
Sic dum *Nympha* furens *Narcissi* languet *Amore*,

Informis claudit *Corpora* mœsta *Silex*;

Vox

Vox tamen ista loquax manet, æternumque manebit,
Perque suas Sylvas, Antraque nota sonat.
Garrit adhuc, nondum extinctæ *Pars pessima Nymphæ*,
Hâc sibi in *Æternum* parte *superstes* erit.





On the Death of the Author's Brother.

THE *Weak* and *Ignorant*, by Nature led,
 In *Death*, have always found some *Ill* to
 dread ;

But the *Philosopher* and *Hero*, still,
 With *Scorn* submit to the proud *Tyrant's* Will :
Hideous, the *Speetre* glares thro' *Folly's* Night,
 But *milder* shews when view'd in *Reason's* Light.

And yet the *Best* may a *lost Friend* bemoan,
Mourn others' Fate — while they *contemn* their own.
Sorrow ! I own Thee then — Thou art, I find,
 A friendly *Passion* of a gen'rous *Mind* ;
Flow freely forth — I'll *justify* my *Tears* —
 The *Brave* may *pity* what he never *fears*.



On W I T.

TRUE *Wit* is like the brilliant *Stone*,
Dug from the *Indian Mine*;
Which boasts *two* various *Pow'rs* in *One*,
To *cut* as well as *shine*.

Genius, like *This*, if *polish'd* right,
With the same *Gifts* abounds;
Appears at once both *keen* and *bright*,
And *sparkles* while it *wounds*.





The CHOICE.

An EPISTLE from a young Gentleman to his FRIEND.

O H, greatly *blest*'d! who can, as *Fate* requires,
 By ductile *Wisdom*, temper your *Desires*!
Balanc'd within, you look abroad, *serene*,
 And marking both *Extremes*, pass clear *between*.
 Oh! cou'd your lov'd *Example* teach your *Skill*,
 And, as it moves my *Wonder*, guide my *Will*:
Calm wou'd my *Passions* grow; my *Lot* wou'd please;
 And my sick *Soul* wou'd think itself to *Ease*.
 But, to the *future*, while I strain my *Eye*,
 Each *present Good* slips, *undistinguish'd*, by.

Still

Still what I *wou'd*, contends with what I *can*;
 And my wild *Wishes* leap the *Bounds* of *Man*.
 If in my *Power* it lies, to limit *Hope*,
 And my unchain'd *Desires* can fix a *Scope*;
 This were my *Choice* —

—— Oh *Friend*! pronounce me *Poor*;
 For I have *Wants*, which *Wealth* can never *cure*:
Mean is that *Soul*, whom it's *own Good* can *fill*;
 A prosp'rous *World*, alone, cou'd *feast* my *Will*.
 He's *poor*, at best, who others *Mis'ry* *sees*,
 And *wants* the wish'd-for *Pow'r* to give it *Ease*.
 He's *rich*, who, *sole-supreme*, and *unconfi'd*,
 Can, with unbounded *Infl'ence*, blefs *Mankind*.
 A *Glory* this — *unreach'd*, but on a *Throne* —
All were enough — but *less* than *all*, is *None*.

This my first *Wish* — but, since 'twere *wild* and
vain,

To *grasp* at glitt'ring *Clouds*, with fruitless *Pain*;
 More safely *low*, let my next *Prospect* be,
 And *Life's* mild *Evening* this fair *Sun-set* see.

On some lone *Wild*, let my strong *House* be plac'd,
Surrounded by a vast, and healthy, *Waste*;
Steril, and *coarse*, the untry'd *Soil* shou'd be;
 But forc'd to flourish — and subdu'd by me.
Seas, Woods, Meads, Mountains, Gardens, Streams
 and *Skies*,
 Shou'd with a changeful *Grandeur*, charm my *Eyes*.
 Still where I mov'd, new *Marks* of my past *Pains*,
 Shou'd plume the *Mountain Top*, and paint the *Plains*:
 Greatly *obscure*, and shunning *Courts*, or *Name*,
 Widely befriended — but escaping *Fame* —
Peaceful, in studious *Quiet*, wou'd I live;
 Lie hid, for *leisure* — and grow *rich*, to give.





A P O E M.

Occasion'd by the Death of the Right Honourable the Countess of G—th——m.

PARDON, O *Shade Divine!* th'official *Verse*,
That breaks the sacred *Silence* of thy *Herse!*
The *Muse's Tears*, when for the *Dead* design'd,
Flow but in vain — *impertinently kind!*

Courtiers and *Poets*, mix not, oft, in *Care*,
Their *Passions*, and their *Vows*, too *diff'rent* are:
But, to this mourn'd *Occasion*, all must owe
One social *Utt'rance* of one *gen'ral Woe*.
So shall the distant *Poles* one *Ruin* share,
When the last *Trumpet* wakes the *World's Despair*.

Oh!

Oh! treach'rous *Ebb* of *Joy*! that thus deceives,
 And *Hope's* gay *Bark* on the false *Quicksand* leaves!
 The *Smile* of *Loveliness* lies, pale, in *Clay*;
 And weeping *Wonder* turns it's *Eyes* away.

Trembling, the *Muse* surveys the clouded *Courts*,
 How damp'd their *Converse*! and how dash'd their
 Sports!

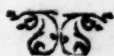
What gloomy *Paleness* deadens ev'ry *Face*,
 What sick'ning *Mem'ry* checks each rising *Grace*!
 The *Royal Pair* stand fix'd in gen'rous *Pain*,
 And look a *Grief*, that makes all *Language* vain!
 Round in deep *Silence*, sad'ning *Passions* flow,
 And *Sighs*, from *Sighs*, catch the contagious *Woe*!

Fancy, amidst the *Fun'ral Pomp* is led,
 And waits, in solemn *March*, the moving *Dead*;
 Lodg'd in cold *Earth*, her *Body* sinks, resign'd;
 But her *Immortal Image* charms Mankind!

Soft Sleep, thy *Dust*, to wait th' *Eternal Will*;
Then rise, *unchang'd*, and --- *be an Angel still*!

Ye *Loveliest* of her fair *Survivors*! come,
And with sweet *Sorrow*, grace her sacred *Tomb*.
Fix'd, o'er the *Marble Mirror*, leaning, see,
What weak *Defence* from *Death* your *Charms* can be!
Think what *she was*; and *conscious* of her *Due*,
Teach us, by *mourning Her*, to *sigh* for you,

But, what wish'd *Comfort* shall the *Muse* afford.
To the sad *Bosom* of her *widow'd Lord*?
Think, --- since not all your *Love* cou'd *Life* retain,
How shou'd your *Sorrow* charm her back again?
High above *Hope*, or *Fear*, she, now, lives *blest*:
Where *Nothing*, but your *Woe*, can break *Her Rest*.
O, let her, *undisturb'd*, those *Blessings* share,
Which cannot *Greater* be --- till *you are there*.





An O D E.

*Occasion'd by the Death of the Author's
Daughter ---- a Child about Four Years
of Age.*

I.

DREAMING *Sophists!* Learned *Fools!*
Farewell *All!* for I'll no more
Listen to your boasted *Rules,*
Nor your labour'd *Works* explore.

II.

What the *Sum* of all ye *teach,*
What the *Balm* for ev'ry *Ill,*
What? --- but as ye fondly *preach,*
Not to *suffer* --- not to *feel.*

III.

III.

Spight of This your *Stoic Cant*,
I must *feel* --- and *suffer* too ---
(Till the pitying *Pow'rs* relent),
More than *Martyrs* ever knew.

IV.

Torn for ever from my *Sight*,
Lock'd in *Death's* Embraces *She*,
Clos'd those *Eyes* in endless *Night*
That shed *Day* on hapless *Me*!

V.

Stay --- dear fleeting *Spirit*! stay!
Richest *Boon* to Earth e'er *giv'n*!
But 'tis *past* --- she's *snatch'd* away ---
Spotless *Off'ring* --- fit for *Heav'n*!

VI.

VI.

See, Oh ! see yon falling *Star* —

Mark it's bright — it's short liv'd *Fire* —

Charlotte so — but *brighter* far —

Did but *glitter* — and *expire*.



Occa-



*Occasion'd by Dr. Br---n's attending the
aforesaid CHILD during its Illness.*

I.

SAY, *Br---n*, for sure thy honest *Mind*
A kindred *Sorrow* knew,
When *Charlotte* her sweet *Breath* resign'd,
And bid the World, *Adieu!*

II.

In *spight* of all thy friendly *Care*,
Didst Thou not *weep* to see
Stern *Death* so rudely *Triumph* there,
And boast his *Victory*?

III.

III.

Didst Thou not *Sigh* to think, how *Poor*,

The *Leech's* Skill, how *frail*!

For what can *save* Thee in that *Hour*,

When *Art*, like *Thine*, shall *fail*?





A RECEIPT *to make a* PRETTY-
FELLOW.

SHOU'D it e'er be your Lot to be blest'd with }
a Son, }
These *Rules* well observ'd, he'll not fail to be one, }
Whom with Joy you may view, and with Pride }
you may own. }

Ne'er send him to *School*, and from thence to a
Colledge

'Twill spoil all, if the *Youth* should have one *Dram*
of *Knowledge*;

In *Romances* and *Plays* let him deeply be read,
And his *Heels* be instructed, instead of his *Head*.

66 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

But tho' you're to guard against *Latin* and *Greek*,
He, like any *Monsieur*, the *French* Language shou'd
Speak.

Thus inform'd, and grown up, you shou'd fix him
in *Town*,
Where, to greatest Advantage, such *Talents* are shewn;
Ne'er balk his *Amours* --- let him kiss all he meets ---
From *Fanny* the Fair --- to brown *Bess* in the Streets:
Let him *whisper* soft Things, as he sees *others* do,
And, be sure, to be *False* --- when he swears to be
True.

Let his *Converse* ne'er fail to be season'd with *Slander*,
And daintily larded with *double Entendre*.
His *Wit*, (if at all) shou'd but *rarely* be shewn,
And never rise higher than *Quibble* or *Pun*.
Now and then, of grave *Authors*, and *Books* he may
prate,

That he *knows* no more of than his *Grandmother's Cat*.
Out of *Journals*, be sure, he pick *Common-place Stuff*,
For some *Flings* at the *Court* --- and he's *Patriot* enough.

Let *Colins* and *Tindal* prescribe him a *Creed*,
To settle his *Faith* — 'tis but *little* he'll need.
In all things, besides, let new *Modes* be his *Passion*,
But be his * *Religion* — Old as the *Creation* —
Hence, (*dull* as he is) he'll be *furnish'd*, at least,
With many a *Bob* at that *Scrub* — call'd a *Priest*.
To accomplish your *Spark*, (or he's not quite *genteel*)
He must pay Debts of *Honour* — but no *Trades-*
man's Bill.

He must ne'er miss an *Op'ra*, to make it appear
He's a Man of true *Taste* — and has got a good *Ear*.
To give him the *Lie* who his *Courage* disowns,
He must whip thro' his *Lungs*, or at least break his
Bones;

And at all Times, to *prove* that he is not *faint*
hearted,

He must *draw* on his *Man*, when he's sure to be
parted.

F 2

When

* Alluding to a *Deistical* Book written by *Tindal*, so call'd.

68 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

When, in any *Debate*, he's almost run aground,
Let a *Wager*, or *Oath*, his *Opponent* confound :
In short — let each *Hour*, instead of dull *Thinking*,
Be devoted to *Gaming* — and *Whoring* — and
Drinking —
Till by *Pistol*, or *Halter* he finish his *Race*,
And *He* dies like a *Dog* --- who has liv'd like an *Afs*.



PSALM



P S A L M LXXXVIII. *Paraphras'd.*

I.

BOTH Day and Night, O God! my Sighs
To thy dread *Throne* ascend:
Incline thine Ear, *Lord*, to my Cries,
And my sad *Pray'r* attend!

II.

Sorrow has quite o'erwhelm'd my Soul
And wears my *Life* away;
In *Tears* my joyless *Moments* roll,
And waste this *Mortal Clay*.

III.

Dead to all *Earthly Joys*, I *sink*
 Beneath *Life's* painful *Load*;
Trembling I stand upon the *Brink*
 Of my long, last *Abode*.

IV.

Thine *Anger*, *Lord*, hath laid me *low*
 In ever-silent *Night* :
 Deep *sunk* I lie in endless *Woe*,
 And *shun* the painful *Light*.

V.

My dearest *Friends*, far off *remov'd*;
 Now *treat* Me with *disdain*;
Forget they such a *Wretch* have *lov'd*,
 Nor *heed* when I *complain*.

VI.

Daily, O *Lord* ! on *Thee* I *call*,
 And *Nightly* thus I *pray* —
 O ! *leave* not, thus, my *Soul* in *Thrall*;
 To *Comfort* teach the *Way* !

VII.

VII.

Lord! shall the *Dead* thy Praise proclaim,
Or *Dwellers* of the *Deep*?
Shall *They* to laud thy glorious Name
Be rais'd again from *Sleep*!

VIII.

Shall in the *Grave* thy *Truth* be shewn,
Thy *Glory* in the *Land*,
Where dark *Oblivion's Veil* is thrown
O'er all the dreary *Strand*!

IX.

Why dost Thou, *Lord!* refuse to bear
The *Words* of my *Complaint*?
See! in mine *Eye* the trembling *Tear* ---
Observe my *Voice* --- how faint!

X.

Thy *Terrors*, with a troubled *Mind*,
O *Lord!* have I *endur'd*;
Try me --- and quickly Thou shall't find
My *Faith* in *Thee* assur'd.

XI.

On ev'ry *side* they *compass* Me
 Who all my *Peace* destroy ;
 Divested of *Humanity*,
 My *Tears* their only *Joy*.

XII.

Of *Those* on whom my *Bliss* depends,
 Thou hast *depriv'd* my *Sight* ;
 And each kind *Ray* that *Comfort* lends
 Hast *veil'd* in endless *Night*.





*To Miss B— on the AUTHOR's receiving
a Box of Sugar Plumbs, amongst which
there was One in the Shape of a Heart.*

'T WAS spotless Fair, like That within thy
Breast,

Like Thine its Nature too was sweet;
But melting with an eager Kiss impress'd,
I soon discover'd 'twas a Cheat.





An EPISTLE to C. D. Esq;
Under S—t—y of State.

NE, quid agam ignores, ubi jam, super *Urbe*
 relictâ,

Sextili toto vacuus vagor, accipe, quæ *Me*
Oblectant Studia, & Mores; quibus utor Amicis;
Qualiaque exercent me Agrestis munera Vitæ.

Tu verò *Urbis* adhuc patiens, oculo minùs æquo,
Ruris amatorem spectas; tibi inhospita fordent
Tesqua; nec inculti arridet tibi gratia fundi;
 Non redolent *Violæ* tibi *Vere*, nec explicat *Æstas*
Purpuream tibi blanda Rosam; tamen hæc ego curo,
 Et pono inter *Opes*, gremio quas *Terra* beato
Alma Parens effundit, & undique spargit in *Agros;*

At

At neque flava *Ceres* te tangit, & ore sereno
 Pomifer *Autumnus*: Quin dic, age, nùm tibi *fumus*
 Et *Strepitus* cordi est? Aut quæ Te *Causa* moratur?
 An bene ponendis exaucto sœnore *Nummis*
Invigilas? an Te nova quædam compede vinctum
Flamma tenet? sed quicquid erit, perrumpe *Catenas*,
 Et *Mecum* fruire his saltem *Septembribus Horis*.
 Huc *Conviva* veni, si gaudes *pane* serundo,
 Nec prandere times *caulem* atræ cum pede *Pernæ*:
Vindforiæve fabam, quæ nondum dura palato
 Responfat; tener interdum apponetur & *Agnus*,
 Simplice cum *Menthâ*, prisco de more, minutim
 Concisâ, seu Cœa placet *Lactuca* soporem
 Invitans; vel pratensis sine stercore *Fungus*:
Ova dabo, & *Pullos*, cum lactis flore coacti;
 In stipulâ est *Anser*; Vicinâ in fruge *Columbæ*;
 Nec pinguis deerit, nisi fallant *Retia*, *Perdix*.
Poma, *Nucesque* addam, & quod primum est, *Testula*
 bimi
 Est mihi adhuc *Vini*, *Australi*, quod *Gallia* felix
 Emisit portu, quod & intima *Cella* recondit

Sub *Domini* clave, *intactum* : ex hoc acria ferre
Pocula nonnunquàm, & paulò insanire licebit.
 Sin alitèr tempus monet & res, fac tibi parcas,
 Et modicè, ut lubet, uvescas, sine lege bibendi,
 Neve inter calices, quo milite *Carolus* Oram
 Occupet *Hesperiam*, aut quæ * *Caleb* pulchra minetur,
 Usque *Vigil* patriæ *Vindex*, disquirere fas est.
 Quæ magis ad rem jam spectant, agitemus inertes;
 Quales nempè *Lepus* Gyros agat ; aut ubi *Vulpes*
 Infidias pecori struat ; haud gravis hic mihi *Sermo* est,
 Nec placet eximiè ; neque enim *Venatica* multùm
Gloria me titillat : *Equos* tamen & *Catulos* sic
Collaudo, ut fidos, quoties latè *Arva* pererro
 Adjungam comites ; & si quam fortè latentem
 Exagitent *prædam*, cursu feror avia lustrans,
 At sine *Consilio*, aut *Venandi* legibus arctis :
 Nec malè sollicitus, captemne quod insequor, an, spe
 Depositâ, latrante domum *Stomacho* indè revertar.

Quin

* The Author of a *Weekly Paper* at this Time, call'd *The Craftsman*, by *Caleb Danvers* Esq; wrote against the Court.

Quin aliis, libet, haud indignis, otia, curis
 Impendi, fierique aliquid quorum indiget *Usus* :
 Seu durum exercere *Solum*, & mollire colendo,
 Seu latices de *Colle* parem, fitientibus herbis
 Sufficere, & tenui in *Campum* deducere *Sulco*.
 Nec piget Arboreos vario de femine fœtus
 Nutrire, & ductrice manu formare futuræ
 Materiam *Silvæ* ; vel murum divite *Pomo*
 Vestire ; & fiqua haud Votis respondeat *Arbos*
 Degener, agresti ingenio succurrere notis
Artibus, aggredior ; fissâque in *Cortice* rimâ,
Germine adoptivo meliorem inducere *succum*.

Siccinè, ais, placidam, qualem *Gens Aurea* Sêclo
Saturni vixit, speras traducere *Vitam*?
 Nullane secum affert, vilia, aut incommoda, *Ruris*
Cultus? *Multa* quidem ; sed quæ non ferre recusat
Ruris Amans : Pecus interdum si labe laboret,
 Sive *plagæ* minùs æquales sentire *Britannæ*
 Sæpe vices querimur ; mutato fidere *Fruges*
 Cum subita aut contundat *Hyems*, aut mordeat *Æstas* :

Si

78 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Si cogor cum fortè rudis mihi venerit *Hospes*
De medio potare die; convivia *Pago*
Mox struere, infulsoque edentes ore cachinnos
Audire, aut querulos dubiâ de Messè *Colonos*.

Hæc mala sunt, & plura; Esto: misera ergone
Vitæ

Conditio *Urbanæ*, trutinâ ponetur eâdem?
Nullæ hîc sunt *Cædes*, *Incendia*; *Furta*, *Rapinæ*:
Me nemo hîc rapit in *Jus*, aut *opprobria* sævus
Fingit in *Absentem*; nulla hic contagia *Lucri*,
Speque, *metuque* animum lacerant; Quid multa? referre
Cur pergam innumera, & quorum meminisse gravatur
Mens vacua, & mediis *Urbem* depingere *Silvis*?
O! quantum juvat hoc cæco latitare recessu,
Quercus ubi indigena, & *fagus* vicina, benignam
Textilibus ramis, per mutua *Vincula* nexis,
Consociant *Umbra*! super herbam hîc molla reclinis
Sæpè ego, dum tacito obrepit pede cana *Senectus*,
Mente memor refero variæ discrimina *Vitæ*;
Jam penè emensus *spatium*, quo tenditur æquis
Passibus

Paffibus ad *Metam*, Vestigia flecto retrorfum;
Mille viæ *errores*, mille infperata revolve
Tædia, & exactos ingratâ forte labores.
Mille tamen reddunt me exhausta *Pericula* cautum;
Sanaque *præteritum* præstat documenta *futuri*.

Sic tandem sapere *incipio*, ceu prodigus *Hæres*,
Qui *Rem* perlongo partam sudore paternam
Fortitèr *absumpsit*, mox duro exercitus *Ufu*,
Pauperieque gravi *edoctus*, fit denique *parcus*,
Servandæque *Rei* intentus, vix *Asse relicto*.





An EPIGRAM,

Sent by OLIVER CROMWELL *with his*
Picture, drawn in Armour, but with his
Helmet off — to CHRISTINA, *Queen*
of SWEDEN.

BELLI potens *Virgo!* septem *Regina* Trionum!
Christina! Arctoi lucida *Stella* Poli!
 Aspice, quas *Merui*, durâ sub casside, *rugas*,
 Quàmque *Senex* *, adhuc impiger, *Ora* gero!
 Sed *Tibi* submittit *frontem* reverentior *Umbra*,
 Nec sunt hi *Vultus* *Regibus* usque *truces*.

The

* The false *Quantity* observable here will be readily pardon'd by *Those* who regard *Spirit* and *Genius* more than a trifling *Accuracy*.



*The Above attempted in a free Translation
for the Sake of the Beaux, as well as the
Ladies, by their humble Servant the
EDITOR.*

CHRISTINA, hail! O *Virgin*, Great in *War*!
Of the wide *North*, at once both *Queen* and
Star!

This *Portrait* view — the deep-worn *Furrows* trace,
Which *earn'd* in well-fought *Fields* my *Visage* grace;
Upon my *Brow*, which no *Dishonour* stains,
(*Old* as I am) the awful *Hero* reigns;
But with mild *Rev'rence* bends before thy *Throne*,
Nor always *Monarchs* tremble at my *Frown*.

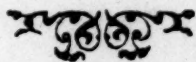
*An* EPIGRAM.

*On the Duke of VENDOSME's being wounded
in the Head by an Olive Bough that was
struck off by a Cannon Ball.*

ERIDANO pulsos sequitur *Vendomius* Hostes,
Perque *Tridentinas* sustinet ire *Nives* :

Non juga, non saltus ; Alpinaque saxa, ruentem,
Invia *Cæsaribus*, non cohibere queunt.

Non *Fortuna* habuit poterat donare quod ultra,
Lauris Ornatum cingit *Oliva* caput.





Thus Translated.

FROM *Po's* fam'd *Banks*, o'er *Hills* of *Rhætic*
Snow,

Victorious *Vendosme* drives the routed *Foe* :

Nor *Rocks* — nor *Woods* — the *Hero* can restrain —

Nor *Alpine* Cliffs, by *Cæsar* scal'd in vain.

Fortune, to deck his *Brows* cou'd do no more,

Than *Olives* add where *Laurels* grew before.



An EPIGRAM.

On Misprision of TREASON.

O *LEGUM* subtile *Nefas* ! quibus inter *Amicos*
Frustrà nolle *fidem* prodere — *Proditio* est;



*On being expell'd a LADY's Company.
Spoken Extempore.*

THUS *Adam* look'd when from the *Carden*
driv'n,
And, thus, disputed *Orders* sent from *Heav'n*;
Like *Him* I go — tho' to depart I'm loth;
Like *Him* I go — for *Angels* drive us *Both*.
Hard was his *Fate*, but *Mine* still more *unkind*;
His *Eve* went with him, but *Mine* stays *behind*.





PROTEUS. *An* EPIGRAM.

Fiet aper, modò avis, modò faxum, &, cum volet, arbor.

HOR.

SEE *Proteus* ev'ry *Shape* and *Form* put on;
First with a *Cloke* adorn'd -- and then the *Gown* --
With *Conventicle Cant* -- and *Hums* -- and *Haws* --
Or *humbly* moves his *Lordship* in a *Cause* :
No more a *Shepherd* -- to a *Wolf* he's turn'd --
Nor for the *Flock*, but for the *Fleece* concern'd.

Virtue the *Knave* approves as a *Disguise*,
And, to be *formal*, thinks, is to be *Wise* :
His *Virtue*, then, is all *Hypocrisy* ;
And all his *Wisdom* dull *Formality* :

Yet still, *mistaken* is the bungling *Rogue*,
 Nor is the *Hypocrite* a *Knave Incog* :
Proteus is *Proteus* still thro' all his *Gear* ;
 How like a *Devil* wou'd he *stript* appear !



The L O V E R ' s L E G A C Y .

I.

U N H A P P Y *Strephon*, dead and cold,
 His *Heart* was from his *Bosom* rent,
Embalm'd, and in a *Box of Gold*,
 To his beloved *Kitty* sent.

II.

Some *Ladies* might, perhaps, have *fainted*,
 But *Kitty* smil'd upon the *Bauble* ;
 A *Pin-Cushion*, says she, I *wanted* :
 Go — put it on my *Dressing Table*.



*Consolatory Advice to a young LADY in
Tears for the Absence of her Sweet-heart.*

PRITHEE dry up thy *Tears*, thou unreas'nable Creature !

Nor longer complain of thy *Dearee's* Ill-Nature —
He has left you, 'tis true --- but in * *Madge* you may
find him,

In *Her*, he has left his own *Likeness* behind him —
Poor *Dido*, of Old, wou'd have been well *contented* }
If *Æneas*, when *absent*, for whom she *lamented*, }
Had been in a † *Brat* half so well *represented*. }

G 4

The

* The Lady kept an *Owl*.

† — Si quis mihi parvulus Aulâ
Luderet *Æneas*, qui *Te* tantum ore referret ;
Non equidem omnino *capta* aut *deserta* viderer. —

VIR. ÆN. Lib 4. v. 328.



The P A R A L L E L.

I.

IMPERIAL *Cæsar's* sacred Head
 Of *Hair* quite *barren* grown,
 He binds a *Laurel Wreath* to *shade*
 The *Baldness* of his *Crown*.

II.

So *P——* with *Nature* quits the *Score*;
 None can his *Form* dispraise;
 With *Wit's* bright *Beams* he gilds it o'er,
 And hides his *Crump* with *Bays*.





EPITAPH on Sir J. V——h*.

UNDER this Stone, Reader survey
Dead Sir J. V——h's House of Clay:
Lie heavy on him Earth — for He
Laid many heavy Loads on Thee,

* A famous *Architect* who was thought to have consulted
Strength more than *Grace* and *Beauty*.

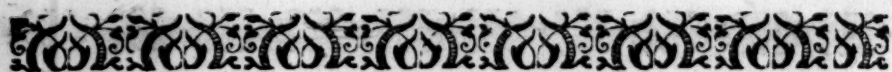


An INSCRIPTION for a Bust of Lady
S---ff---k, set up in a Wood at * Stowe.

HER Wit and Beauty for a Court was made,
But Truth and Goodness fit her for a Shade.

On

* Lord Cobham's Seat.



*On the Bustos of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, Mr.
LOCKE, &c. set up by her late Majesty
Queen CAROLINE in the Her-
mitage at Richmond. Anno 1732.*

—*Sui memores alios fecere merendo.*

BEHOLD, O *Stranger!* new from foreign
Lands,

Where *Slaves* obey what lawless *Will* commands ;
Where *Statues* to the proud *Oppressor* rise,
And hood-wink'd *Faith* has put out *Reason's* Eyes ;
Behold ! the Honours CAROLINE ordains
To these *Great Souls*, who wrote to break your *Chains!*
Unerring *Nature's* equal *Laws* to shew,
Prescrib'd to all *above*, and all *below*.
Example rare! O *Britain blest!* to see
Thy *Queen* declare for *Truth* and *Liberty*.

An



An EPIGRAM.

*On a certain ----- who for some time mistook
an Ironical Encomium for a Panegyric.*

WHILE — listens to the Poet's Lays,
The pointed *Satyr* pass'd for honest *Praise*;
To clearer Lights, at length the *Oafs* pretend,
And like blind *Puppies* see at *Nine Days End*.





A HYMN to *BACCHUS.

J OVE-born *Bacchus*, joyous God,
 Beauteous *Liberty* bestowing,
 In this *Mansion* make *Abode*,
 Let our *Cups* be ever *flowing* ——
 Before Thee fly *Disease* and *Pain*,
 Pinching *Need*, and carking *Care*,
Friendship leads thy jocund *Train*,
 Who with *Bacchus* can compare?

Give the fether'd *Captive* Wine
 Or the *King* — the greater *Slave* —
Both will own thy Pow'r *divine*,
Both confess Thee strong to *save*.

Upon

* This is set to *Musick*, and sung by the *Members* of the *Club* of *Liberty*.



Upon seeing Miss D. at a Ball in the
TOWN-HALL at WREXHAM.

I.

IN vain, within this awful *Pile*,
Does rigid *Justice* frown;
In vain, alas! while *Chloe's* Eyes
Disdain her Sway to own.

II.

Chloe, regardless of her *Rules*,
And heedless of our *Ills*,
Endu'd with such a matchless *Form*,
Ev'n *here* securely *kills*.





To C H L O E.

NOT I — let *Others* sing the *Fates*
 Of dying *Heroes* — sinking *States* —
 Let *Others* in *Immortal Verse*,
 Great *Marlbro's* wond'rous *Deeds* rehearse;
 His deathless *Acts* my meaner *Pen*
 With its rude *Blots* shall never *stain*;
 Who can the *God* of *War* display,
Marching in all his dread *Array*?
 Who *Marlbro'*, as he cross'd the *Plains*,
Crimson'd with *Blenheim's* glorious *Stains*?

My *Soul* was *form'd* for softer *Things*,
Cupid to Love *tun'd* all its *Strings*;

No

No *Arms* I sing, but Those of *Love*,
No hostile *Field*, but th' happy *Grove*;
No *Fights*, but with the yielding *Coy*,
No *Triumphs*, but of th' Am'rous *Boy*.

Ev'n in these * *Climes* where *Boreas'* *Train*
For ever unmolested *reign* ;
Where, destitute of *Phæbus'* *Ray*,
Each *Mortal* seems a *Lump* of *Clay* ;
Ev'n *here* — poor I *chant* out my *Woe* —
And *Ætna* like, tho' wrap'd in *Snow*,
With secret *Fires* incessant *glow*.

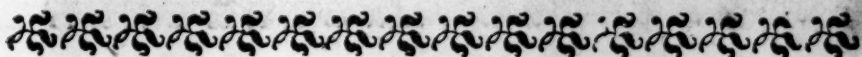
Alas! poor, silly, doating *Thing*!
Canst Thou not *feel* the Critic's *Sting*?
See, how he *damns* thy looser *Strains*,
And *feels*, at ev'ry *Line*, new *Pains*.

Let

* *Scotland*.

Let the Eternal *Foes* to *Wit*,
Sweat and *Rage* — and *Fume* and *Pret* —
 If *Chloe* but returns my *Love*,
 If *Chloe* does my *Lays* approve,
 Let each busy *Tongue* go free,
 Let the *World* One *Critic* be,
Chloe's the whole *World* to *Me*.





TO CYNTHIA.

CYNTHIA — what means this distant *Air*,
Is it to *make* you still more *Fair*?
No *Cynthia* — no — your *Arts* I *scorn* —
Freedom I'll have — to *Freedom* born —
Ev'n *Ugliness* with *This* I *prize*;
Beauty without it, I *despise*:
A decent *Coyness* — *Virgin Pride* —
Love asks — and *Love* shan't be *deny'd*:
But still the haughty *God* disowns
Too fierce *Repulse* — too angry *Frowns* —
Too great a *Distance* flags his *Pace*,
And makes him *quit* the desp'rate *Chace*;
Like *Me*, he flies the *Formal She*,
Only a *Slave* to *Liberty*.

*The SWALLOW.**From ANACREON.*

NIMBLE *Courser* of the *Air*,
 Nimble *Swallow*, blith and fair!
 How impatient *Thou* of *Rest*,
Here, and *there*, thou *build'st* thy *Nest*;
 Still from *Place* to *Place* dost *run*,
 Swift *Attendant* of the *Sun*!

Ah! so *Cupid* — in my *Breast*
 All the *Year* he makes his *Nest*;
Heat and *Cold* to him the *same* —
 Nought the feather'd *God* can *tame*:
 Whilst one little *Love* is *fledg'd*,
 In the hot *Egg* another's *wedg'd*;
 Half out — half within his *Cell* —
 Peeps a *Third* — and drags his *Shell*;

On

On my *Heart* they prey each *Hour*,
Chirping still aloud for more —
Gods! see — the elder *Brothers* grown,
Nurse the *Younglings* as their *Own* ;
These again — by *Instinct* led —
Feed the next — as they were fed !

Love! no longer I'll contend —
Take my *Heart*, and there's an *End*.



C U P I D *Disarm'd.*

AS *Cupid*, still on *Mischief* bent,
 One *Summer's Day* a *shooting* went,
 Oppress'd with *Heat* the *Archer* laid
 His little *Limbs* beneath a *Shade* —
 Hard by his *Head*, his *Quiver* hung,
 Close by his *Side*, his *Bow unstrung*.

Cynthia by chance came by that way;
Cynthia — the *Rival* of the *Day*;
Heedless she *walk'd*, and almost *trod*,
 E'er *conscious*, on the little *God*;
 But now *confounded* at the *Sight*,
 Nor can she *stay*, nor take her *Flight*,
 Half dead — till taking one bold *Peep*,
 She found the *Urchin* fast *asleep*;

Cautious

Cautious she *views* him *o'er* and *o'er*,
She sees him *heave* — and hears him *snore*.
Peace — be at *ease* — said she — my *Heart* —
Fear nothing now from *Cupid's Dart* ;
A Female *Cupid* now I'll be,
And send my *Shafts* on *All* — but *Thee*.

She said — and softly stole his *Arms* —
And strait *proceeds* to threaten'd *Harms* ;
At ev'ry *Look* a *Dart* she throws,
And scatters *Death* where-e'er she goes.

I too have felt the *Charmer's Pow'r*,
See — *Cynthia* ! see — I'm *Wounds* all *o'er* !
A thousand *Arrows* pierce my *Side*,
Ten thousand more my *Heart* divide ;
Oh ! *Pity* mix with *Might Divine* !
Or else to *Love* his *Arms* resign.





On CLARISSA's *Departure*
for LONDON.

SHE's gone — ye guardian *Angels*, bless the *Fair*!
Beauty and *Innocence* are still your *Care*;
 Thou *Genius* of her *Birth* — thou *Chief* attend!
 And with thy *lucid Troops* the *Nymph* defend —
 Let *These* in thickest *Ranks*, prepare her way;
 Let *These*, in light *Militia*, round her play;
 While *Those*, intent, the foaming *Steeds* command,
 That move the smoking *Wheels*, with gentle *Hand*,

So *Venus* when she leaves the *Cyprian Isle*;
 A thousand, thousand *Loves* around her *smile*;

These

These o'er her ratling *Car*, their *Charge*, *preside*,
While *Those* with filken *Reins* her *Sparrows* guide :
Triumphant Joy in ev'ry *Bosom* heaves,
And each is *Happy* but the *Wretch* she leaves.



To CHLOE *playing with the Author*
at Shuttlecock.

SEE *Chloe* — see in this *Machine*,
How both our *Souls* are clearly *seen* !
Thus are they *offer'd* — thus beat *back* —
And all our *Love's* a *Shuttlecock*.





On CLARISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.

FEATHER'D *Songsters* of the *Air*!

All your softest *Notes* prepare;

Warble thro' the vocal *Glade*,

Sweetly hail the blooming *Maid*!

All your richest *Scents* exhale

Breathing *Flow'rs* of *Hill* or *Dale*!

Dimpling — murm'ring as ye go —

Winding *Rills*, in *Consort* flow!

Let the *Nymphs* and *Swains* be seen

Dancing o'er the level *Green*;

Lambs in wanton *Measures* sporting,

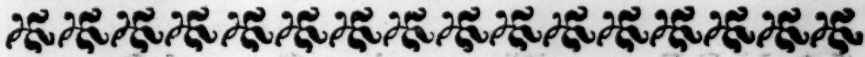
Am'rous *Turtles* fondly courting;

Noisy *Discord*! hence remove —

All be *Peace* — and *Joy* — and *Love* —

Phæbus!

Phæbus! with thy purest Ray
Gild *Clarissa's* Natal Day;
Let this Day, in ev'ry Year,
Brighter, than the rest appear;
Brightest, sure, that Day shou'd be
That dawn'd on her Nativity.



On * VENTOSO's applying to Himself
these Lines.

— *Sunt & mihi carmina, me quoque dicunt*
Vatem Pastores: sed non ego credulus illis.

VIR.

HOW cou'd vile *Sycophants* contrive,
A Lie so gross to raise?
Which ev'n *Ventoso* can't believe,
Tho' spoke in his own Praise.

FIRE,

* The late Famous Dr. B——y.



FIRE, WATER *and* FAME.
A TALE.

ONCE on a Time, when *Cats* and *Dogs*,
Oxen and *Affes* — *Sheep* and *Hogs* —
 (Tho' now of very diff'rent *Natures*)
 Cou'd *speak* and *act* like other *Creatures*;
Fire, *Water*, *Fame* — sat out together
 To take a *Trip* — the Lord knows *whither*!
 It chanc'd as these three *Trav'lers* past
 O'er many a wild and dreary *Waste*,
 (Such as in *Norfolk* greets your *Eyes*,
 And strikes the *Stranger* with *Surprize*)
 That *One*, more *tim'rous* than the *Rest*,
 His *Fears*, in Words like These, *express'd*.

Say,

Say, dearest *Friends!* *Associates* say —
If *We* (which *Heav'n* forbid) shou'd *stray*,
And lose each other, (as we may;)
In such a Case — can *you* — or *you* —
Prescribe the *Means*, or give the *Cue*,
How in this wide and pathless *Plain*,
We may *contrive* to meet again?

}

Quoth *Fire* — “ for *Me* you need not *fear* —
“ For see but *Smoke* — and I am *there* :”

Quoth *Water* — “ I am ever found
“ In *Boggy* — *low* — and *swampy Ground*.”

“ All this, quoth *Fame*, I do *approve*,
“ But there's a *Rub* you can't *remove*;
“ Therefore, 'my *Friends!* whate'er *betide*,
“ Stick *close* — nor ever *leave* my *Side*,
“ For ne'er cou'd any one alive
“ *Honour*, or *Fame*, once *lost*, *retrieve*.”



The MOON *and the* GLOW-WORM.

A T A L E.

IT chanc'd, upon a *Summer's Night*,
 When *Glow-worms* shed their feeble *Light*,
 The *Moon* at once shot forth her *Beams*,
 And quite *obscur'd* the *Reptile's Gleams*;
 The *Reptile* robb'd of all its *Lustre*,
 Began aloud to *rave* and *bluster*,
 And, full of *Self-Conceit* and *Spite*,
Accosted thus the *Queen of Night*.

“ Thou sickly — pale fac'd *Gipsy* — whence
 “ This over-bearing *Insolence* ?
 “ Because you're stuck aloft to *View*,
 “ Must nothing *shine*, forsooth ! but *You* ?

“ How

“ How many *Wretches*, robb’d of *Sense*,
“ Are bound to *curse* thy *Influence*?
“ With all thy modest *Airs* and *Graces*,
“ Thou *wear’st* a thousand diff’rent *Faces*;
“ With all thy *Chastity*, art known
“ To *bawd*, and *pimp* for half the *Town*;
“ There’s not a *School-boy* but rehearſes
“ Thy am’rous *Pranks*, in doggrel *Verses*;
“ He tells you *what* — and *where* — and *when* —
“ The naughty *Intercourse* began;
“ Who ’twas your *Labours* did *beguile*,
“ And crown’d your *Joy*s in * *Latmos’ Isle*;
“ *Dark* in *Thy self*, as *Witch* of *Endor*,
“ ’Tis *Phæbus* lends Thee all thy *Splendor*;
“ By which foul *Hags*, and hellish *Sprites*,
“ Curs’d *League*! perform their horrid *Rites*;
“ My harmless *Rays* I owe to *None*,
“ The *Light* I *boast*, is all *my own* —
“ For

* The *Moon* was suppos’d by the *Ancients* to have fallen in *Love* with *Endymion*, whom ſhe hid in a *Cave* in the *Iſland* of *Latmos*, &c.

XIO *The POETICAL MISCELLANY.*

- “ For all the *Rout* that’s made *about* ye,
“ The *World* had done as well *without* ye;
“ Thou’rt such a *Slave*, thou dar’st not *venture*
“ To wag one *Inch* from our Earth’s *Center*;
“ But, like a *Mill-Horse*, still art *bound*
“ To *run* the self-same tedious *Round*;
“ On your own *Axis* graceful *spin*,
“ Just like a *Chaffer* on a *Pin*;
“ Or, nearer still, the *Case* to hit,
“ Just like a *Pig* upon a *Spit* —
“ Whilst I can *wander* where I *please*,
“ Or *stay at home*, and take my *Ease*.
“ When *You* are *forc’d* to *bide* your *Face*,
“ I *sparkle* — and *supply* your *Place*.
“ No passing *Cloud* my *Light* *obscures*,
“ Which every *Moment* *darkens* *yours*.
“ *Wolves* bay Thee all the live-long *Night*,
“ Ev’n Village *Curs* detest thy *Sight*;
“ To brain-sick *Lovers* you extend
“ Your *Aid* — and wou’d be thought their *Friend*—
“ Whilst

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. III

“ Whilst — *Traytor* like — you feed their *Folly*

“ *Encrease* — not cure — their *Melancholy*.”

In sober *Majesty*, the *Moon*
With more provoking *Splendor* shone;
And (tho' she well might have reply'd
That *She*, alone, controul'd the *Tide*,
And fifty other Things beside —)
All silent moved — with *Patience* heard —
Nor deign'd to say one single *Word*.

And now — pray mark the *End* of all —
How *Pride* must ever have a *Fall*;
A stroling *Trav'ler* passing by,
Amplly reveng'd this *Ribaldry*;
Upon the foul-mouth'd *Insect* trod,
And left it lifeless on the *Road*.

The M O R A L.

FROM hence this *Rule* we may collect ---
 To treat our *Betters* with *Respect*;
 Nor, *Glow-worm* like, our *Worth* proclaim,
 And trumpet forth our own dear *Fame* —
 Left, in ill *Hour*, some sudden *Chance*
 Proclaim our *Insignificance*.





*A PROLOGUE to the OPERA of
ROSAMOND, as it was per-
form'd in a Private Family in Bed-
fordshire.*

NO *Scene* to Night your fix'd *Attention* draws
Of *Cato* bleeding in his *Country's Cause*;
No shackel'd *Bajazet*, with impious *Rage*,
Mouths at his *Fate*, and *shakes* our humble *Stage*;
No suff'ring *Innocence* bids *Virtue* weep,
Nor whining *Heroes* --- lull you *fast asleep* :
And yet so *moving* is our well-wrought *Ditty*,
Your *Terror* 'twill *excite* — as well as *Pity* :

114 *The POETICAL MISCELLANY.*

No *feign'd Catastrophe* — but *real Woe* —
Such as drew Tears Five Hundred Years ago.

Relentless — fierce — an Eleanor appears,
While Rosamond with Eyes brim-full of Tears,
Her unavailing Hands for Mercy rears —
In Youth and Beauty's Prime condemn'd to prove
The sharpest Stings of lawless, guilty Love.

Such is the Treat to which you're All invited,
Nor, for its Author's Sake, shou'd it be slighted;
Rich the Repast, the nicest Judge must own,
That boasts the Genius of an Addison.
No kind Indulgence need we ask to Night,
Cou'd we but Act — as well as He cou'd Write :
But tho' each Line of that fam'd Bard so terse is,
*He once — as well as I — made * Nonsense Verses :*

At

* Spoken by a young Gentleman who was a *Westminster Scholar.* —

At *Excellence* arriv'd by slow *Degrees*,
Doubtful of *Fame* — he *strove*, like *us*, to *please* —
Weak was his *Flight* — and *rude* his first *Essay* —
Till bolder *Pinions* wing'd him on his *Way*.
So *We* — from low *Attempts* may hope to *rise* —
Soar to his *Pitch* — and *emulate* the *Skies*.



The EPILOGUE.

ONCE more fair *Rosamond* starts up before ye—
What *think* you of her dismal -- dismal *Story*?
One Hour, in *Henry's Arms* — all brisk and airy
The *next* — a silent *Ghost* in *Charon's Wherry*:
From *Life* and *Love* for ever doom'd to *part*,
Unrival'd *Mistress* of a *Monarch's Heart*;

116 *The POETICAL MISCELLANY.*

A hapless *Victim* to the frantic *Spleen*
Of a *revengeful* — *furious* — *jealous Queen*.

From *jealousy*, cou'd *Bow'r*, or *Knighthood* screen us,
How much good *Love* might have been *shar'd* be-
tween us?

But *Eleanor*, the winding *Mazes* past,
Spight of Sir *Trusty*, found me out at last;
My gaudy *Schemes* at one rude *Blow* did cross,
And, sure — no *Sweetmeat* e'er had sourer *Sauce*.

When bath'd in *Tears* I quaff'd the deadly *Bowl*,
Did it not pierce you to the very *Soul*?
Or with a prudish *Matron's* haughty *Air*,
Did you not triumph o'er th' *unhappy Fair*?
Conscious, yourselves, of no such *Slip*, nor *Failing* —
Proclaim your *Innocence* — by downright *Railing*?
And, hugely tickled with the deep *Distress*,
Cry — filthy *Harlot*! She deserves no less —
As if fair *Virtue* ne'er erects her *Throne*,
Nor boasts her *Sway*, but in a *Heart of Stone*.

Perish

*Perish that Thought ! and let your Sighs declare
This Circle as compassionate as fair ;
Like Heav'n with Pity let your Bosoms melt,
And spare the Guilty — tho' you loath the Guilt.*

[Going off the Stage — returns again.

*But hold — the Moral, like Friend Bayes's Plot,
The Cream of all — I'd quite and clean forgot —*

*Maidens beware — guard well your easy Hearts—
Nor play, too idly, with Love's treach'rous Darts ;
Warn'd by my Fate, let each soft Virgin pray
For a kind Sweet-heart — in an honest way —
Be chaste, as Fond, nor ever deign to shine,
That Wretch in State — a guilty Concubine !
Whoe'er, for Pomp or Pleasure, Virtue barter,
Like Rosamond, will find they've caught a Tartar.*





An EPIGRAM.

Occasion'd by an AUTHOR's *criticising and*
altering a POEM *written by a young*
 LADY.

SECURELY mayst *Thou* mangle others *Sense*,
Supream in *Dullness*, as in *Impudence*;
 For ever vent thy *Spleen* 'gainst *Wit* and *Fire*,
 And no one *Thing*, but what's *thy own*, admire —
 Bless'd *Chance!* from *Critic's Rage* thy *Works* are freed,
 For ere we *Criticise* — we're bound to *Read*.





A P R O L O G U E

To the FREE-MASON'S PLAY.

Anno 1731.

AS some crack'd *Chymist*, of projecting *Brain*,
Much for *Discovery* — but more for *Gain* —
With *Toil* incessant *Labours*, *Puffs* and *Blows*,
In search of *something Nature* won't *disclose* ;
At length his *Crucibles*, and *Measures* broke,
His fancy'd *Gains* evaporate in *Smoke* ;
So some, *presumptuous*, still attempt to *trace* —
The guarded *Symbol* of our *Ancient Race* :
Enwrapp'd in venerable *Gloom* it lies,
And mocks *all Sight* — but of a *Mason's Eyes* :

120 *The POETICAL MISCELLANY.*

Like the fam'd *Stream* enriching *Ægypt's* Shore ;
All feel its *Use* — but *Few* its *Source* explore.
All Ages still must owe, and ev'ry *Land*
 Their *Pride* and *Safety* — to the *Mason's* *Hand* ;
 Whether for gorgeous *Domes* renown'd afar,
 Or *Ramparts* strong to stem the *Rage of War* ;
 All we behold in *Earth* — or circling *Air* —
 Proclaims the *Pow'r* of *Compasses* and *Square* ;
 The Heav'n-taught *Science*, *Queen of Arts* appears,
 Eludes the *Rust* of *Time* — and *Waste of Years* —
 'Thro' *Form* and *Matter* are her *Laws* display'd,
 Her *Rules* — the *same* by which the *World* was made.

Whatever *Virtues* grace the *social Name*,
Those we *profess* — on *Those* we found our *Fame* ;
 Wisely the *Lodge* looks down on *Tinsel State*,
 Where, only, to be *Good* is — to be *Great* :
 “ Such *Souls* by *Instinct* to each other turn,
 “ Demand *Alliance*, and in *Friendship* burn ;”
 No shallow *Schemes* — no *Stratagems*, nor *Arts*
 Can break the *Cement* that unites their *Hearts*.

Then

Then let pale *Envy* rage --- and ev'ry Name
Of *Fools*, mistaking *Infamy* for *Fame* ;
Such have all *Countries*, and all *Ages* borne,
And *such* — all *Countries*, and all *Ages* scorn ——
Glorious the *Temple* of the *Sylvan Queen*,
Pride of the *World*, at *Epbefus* was feen ;
A witless *Wretch* — the *Pritchard* of those Days —
Stranger to *Virtue* — and unknown to *Praise* —
Crooked of *Soul*, and fond of any *Name*,
Consign'd the noble *Monument* to *Flame* :
Vain *Madman* ! if so thinking to *destroy*
The *Art* — which cannot but with *Nature* die !
Still will the *Craft* — still shall his *Name* survive —
And in our *Glory*, his *Disgrace* shall live.





H A P P I N E S S.

MISTAKEN *Man!* 'tis all a *Cheat* —
 Dost *think* him *happy* who is *Great*?
 Who loads his *Hands* with *precious Stone*,
 And sinks in *Beds* of *softest Down*?
 Whose *Limbs* proud *Purple* does *infold*,
 Whose rich *Wines* foam in *sculptur'd Gold*;
 Who *gluts* himself with *costliest Meat*,
 And *lolls* in *Canopies* of *State*;
 Whose loaded *Barn*, alone, contains
 The *Product* of all *Lybia's Plains*.
 No, no — not all this *Pomp* can give
 The *Wretch*, a *Right*, to say — I *Live*:
 'Tis not to *fear* — but *bravely dare*
 The *Worst* that *Fortune* can *prepare*;

Above

Above all *Ills*, thy Soul to *raise*,
And *spurn* the *Vulgar's* empty *Praise*;
Defy the *Tyrant's* brandish'd *Sword*,
True to *Thyself* — thy own sole *Lord* —
This can, *alone*, true *Biss* create,
This, *only*, make Thee truly *Great*,
And *fix* Thee 'bove the *Reach* of *Fate*.



REPEN-



R E P E N T A N C E.

I.

ATTENDANTS apart,
 I examin'd my *Heart*,
 Last *Night* when I laid me to *Rest* ;
 And, methinks, I'm inclin'd
 To a *Change* of my *Mind*,
 For — you know — Second *Thoughts* are the *best*.

II.

To retire from the *Croud*,
 And to make Ourselves *good*,
 By avoiding of ev'ry *Temptation*,
 Is in *Truth*, to *reveal*
 What we'd better *conceal*,
 That our *Passions* want some *Regulation*.

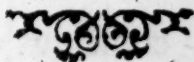
III.

III.

'Twou'd much more *redound*
To our *Praise*, to be *found*
In a *World*, so abounding with *Evil*,
Unspotted and *pure* ;
Tho' not so *demure*,
And to *wage* open *War* with the *D——l*.

IV.

So bidding, *Farewell*,
To all Thoughts of a *Cell*,
I'll prepare for this *Militant Life*,
If brought to *Distress*,
Why, then, I'll *confess*,
And do *Penance* in shape of a *Wife*.





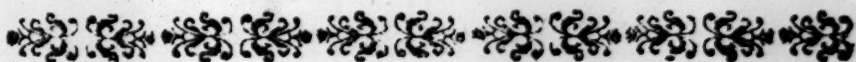
E P I T A P H.

On Miss C—ll—n.

OF gentlest *Manners*, ever form'd to *please* ;
 The mildest *Temper* — ever blest with *Ease* ;
 An humble *Mind* — a gay and gen'rous *Heart* —
 Good without *Shew* — and lovely without *Art* —
 Without one *Thought*, but did from *Virtue* flow ;
 Without one *Wish*, but such as *Heav'n* might know ;
 Glad to *oblige* — and fearful to *offend* —
 A kind *Companion* — and a faithful *Friend* :
 To cover little *Failings* ever prone,
 Blind to all *others* — conscious of her *Own* —
 Fond to give *Praises* — still her *Own* wou'd be
 The only *Merit* which she cou'd not see :

To

To ev'ry *Vanity* so much a *Foe*;
She lov'd that *Virtue* which she blush'd to shew.
In *Life's* fair *Spring*, (so *Heav'n* design'd her *Doom*)
Untimely hurry'd to the silent *Tomb*:
If *Beauty* asks --- If *Virtue* claims a *Tear* ---
Stop, gentle *Passenger* -- and shed it here.



A N O T H E R.

Upon a CHILD.

HERE *Innocence* and *Beauty* lies -- whose *Breath*
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely *Death*;
Hence was she snatch'd, just as she did begin
Sorrow to know -- before she knew to *Sin* ---
Death that can *Sin* and *Sorrow* thus prevent,
Is the next *Blessing* to a *Life well-spent*.

The



The FARMER *and the* WESEL.

PHÆD. *Lib.* I. *Fab.* 22.

A WESEL, once, who long had been
 The *Object* of a *Farmer's Spleen*,
 (Of all his wonted *Guile* forsaken,)
 In evil Hour was *trapt* and *taken*.

“ O ho! quoth *Hodge* --- I have you now ---”
 Then aim'd to strike the deadly *Blow*;
 But giving way to *Pray'rs* and *Tears*,
 A while, his guilty *Life* he *s pares*;
 And, as the *Culprit* did *beseech*,
 Just *paus'd* to hear his dying *Speech*:
 When thus with rueful *Air* and *Grace*;
 He made the *best* of a *bad Case*.

“ Sweet

“ Sweet Sir, quoth *He* — your *Wrath* suspend;
“ Nor *murder Me* your dearest *Friend*,
“ Who, till the *Moment* I was taken,
“ Have, ceaseless, *watch’d* your *Cheese* and *Bacon*;
“ From *Mice*, those *Foes* to *Man*! set free
“ Your *Stables* — *Barns* — and *Granary*:
“ No *Self-regards* I ever knew,
“ But to your *Int’rests* firm and true;
“ Have prey’d on *Them* who prey’d on *You*.

“ Quoth *Hodge* — were *This* as you *pretend*,
“ In *Me* you wou’d not want a *Friend*;
“ You’ve rid my *Farm* of *Mice*, ’tis true, —
“ But rid me of my *Bacon* too;
“ Yes, to my *Cost*, too well I know
“ What to thy *Vigilance* I owe;
“ Of *Eggs* and *Poultry* quite bereft,
“ My *Dame* has not one *Chicken* left;
“ Of *Pidgeons*, too, each *murder’d Brood*,
“ Shews how you’ve *labour’d* for my *Good*:

“ And, thus, to pay the mighty *Debt*,

“ I’ll lay Thee *sprauling* at my *Feet*.”

Scarce had he *said* — when at a *Blow*,
He sent him to the *Shades* below.

M O R A L.

THUS *Us’ers*, charitably bent,
Will aid your *Wants* — for *Cent per Cent*:
So *Rome*, insatiate still of *Blood*,
Lays waste *Mankind* for their *Souls* Good.





*On giving the Name of GEORGIA
to a Part of CAROLINA.*

WHILE, *rip'ning* flow, the future *Purpose* lay,
And conscious *Silence* plann'd the op'ning
Way;

Kind, o'er the rising Scheme, an *Angel* hung,
And dropp'd this *Counsel* from his Guardian *Tongue*.

Wish you this Way, the * *Royal Pair* inclin'd?
To *Carolina*, be a *Georgia* join'd:
Then shall both *Colonies* sure progress make,
Endear'd to *Either*, for the *Other's Sake*;
Georgia shall *Carolina's* Favour move,
And *Carolina* bloom by *GEORGE's Love*.

K 2

VERSES

* King *George II.* and Queen *Caroline*.



VERSES *left on King* WILLIAM'S

Grave in WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

VAIN *Greece* consult no more, or haughty *Rome*,
For *Worth* or *Virtue* — view this Royal
Tomb —

Beneath whose *Shade*, more sacred *Dust* is wept,
Than in their *Urns*, or *Temples*, ever slept :
Cæsar had *Courage* — but the *Tyrant's Name*
And *Rome* enslav'd, obscur'd the Victor's *Fame*.
Cato had *Honour* — but the *Dagger* near,
When *Dangers* press'd, betray'd the Patriot's *Fear* ;
His *Triumphs*, one, by dire *Oppression*, gain'd,
And One, his *Virtues* by his *Weakness* stain'd :

Bri-

Britain's lov'd King did with each *Roman* vye;
As warm for *Freedom* — as resolv'd to *Die* :
Without his *Guilt*, did *Cæsar's* Laurels wear,
And boasted *Cato's Fame*, without his *Fear*.



A S O N G.

I.

O HOW cou'd I *venture* to love one like *Thee*,
Or you not *contemn* a poor *Conquest* like *Me* !
On *Lords*, thy *Admirers*, you look with *Disdain*,
And know I am *Nothing* --- yet pity my *Pain* —
You said, when they *teaz'd* you with *Nonsense* and
Dress,
When real the *Passion* — the *Vanity's* less —
You saw thro' that *Silence* which others *despise*,
And while *Beaux* were talking, read *Love* in my *Eyes*.

II.

* In vain wou'd I *praise* you, or strive to *reveal*,
 Too nice for *Expression*, what only we *feel*;
 In all that you *do* -- in each *Look*, and each *Mien*,
 The *Graces*, in waiting, adorn you, unseen;
 When I see you, I *love* you --- and hearing, *adore*--
 I *wonder* --- and think you a *Woman* no more ---
 Till mad with *admiring*, I cannot *contain*,
 And kissing those *Lips* --- you grow *Woman* again.

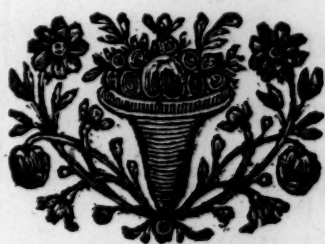
III.

With *Thee* in my *Bosom*, how can I *despair* !
 I'll gaze on thy *Beauty* --- and look away *Care* --

I'll

* I hope the late *Author's* Friends will forgive the *Liberty* I have here taken to leave out one whole *Stanza*, when I assure them 'twas with great *Reluctance* that I denied myself the *Pleasure* of inserting what has no *Fault*, but *That* of being too *Pas-*
sionate.

I'll ask thy *Advice*, when with *Trouble* oppress'd,
Which never *displeases* — yet always is *Best* —
In all that I *write* -- I'll thy *Judgment* require —
Thy *Taste* shall *correct*, what thy *Love* did *inspire*;
I'll kiss Thee, and press Thee, till *Youth* is all o'er,
And live on thy *Friendship*, when *Passion's* no more.





The TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

I.

DIOGENES, ore severo,
 Qui *Macedonem* oblatravit,
 Gratiâ *Veritatis* in *Mero*,
 Se sæpe *Mero* recreavit ;
 Donec *Iro* pauperior factus,
 Cyathique repulsus honore,
 Pro sede *Cadum* sibi nactus,
Dolii requievit *Odore*.

II.

Heraclitus, *Amystide* plenâ,
 Cor extulit exhilaratus,
 At, deficiente *Lagenâ*,
 Lachrymavit *inebriatus*.

Ineptias

Ineptias Hominum *flebat*,
Ut iniquè percrebuit *Rumor* ;
Græcarier atqui *solebat*,
Dum *Ocellis* erumperet *Humor*.

III.

Democritus, usque *gavifus*,
Placuit sibi *Vina bibendo* ;
Movitque ad *Pocula* *risus*,
Furentis ad instar *agendo* :
Cumque sacro *Liquore* *perfusus*,
Infanire libebat *affatim*,
Iteraret hilariter *lusus*
Siccorum in *Sobrietatem*.

IV.

Copernicus item agnovit
Acumen in *Arte bibendi*,
Quæ fides *Ingenii* movit,
Modulos variatque *nitendi* ;

Venasque

Venasque *Lyæo* inflatus,
 Cum *Ingenio* titubanti,
 Simul *Orbem* est *vertere* ratus,
Rotæ pariter volutanti.

V.

Hebes *Aristoteles* Artium,
 Si *Vinum* fuisset *negatum* ;
 Quodque damus *Luxuriæ* * *Partium*,
Vineæ referatur *enatum* :
Ventrem Ille, (si *Famæ* credatis)
 Vel *Gurgitis* instar *habebat* ;
 Utque *Potûs* suppeteret *fatis*,
 Se pronum in *Æquor* agebat.

VI.

* *Partium* — in the *Sense* here us'd is certainly *wrong* — but thus it stands in the *Original*, which never pass'd the *Author's* correcting Hand, who is since *dead*.

VI.

Cùm *Pyrrho* negantia Modum
Sua labra *Mero* proluisset,
Nil cerneret udus eodem
Quo *Sobrius* ante vidisset ;
Hilarique *Scyphorum* Usurâ
Sentiens, modò fixa moveri,
Nihil indè, in Rerum Naturâ,
Statuit *Veritatis* haberi.

VII.

Solon, Omen *Achaiæ* gratum,
Qui *Legibus* auxit *Athenas*,
Cræsum abnuît esse beatum,
Tagi licet inter *Arenas*.
At in *Orbem* pocula movit
Celer, abstinuitque loquendo,
Sapiens, quoniam benè novit,
Madidis profuisse tacendo.

VIII.

VIII.

Socrates, quoque Nectare mulsit

Se juxta Lætitiæ Morem,

Ebrioque rogatus indulfit

Sapientiæ Phæbus honorem.

Sua Gaudia fera solebat

Producere Noctis in Horas ;

Hinc Conjugis rixas horrebat

Resonantis in Aure canoras.

IX.

Theophrastus, Eloquii Decus,

Provocare in Vina Sodales

Suevit ; utque moveret Iacchus,

Lusitaret, ut impiger, Alas.

Facilisque ridere, jocari

Fabulas crepitaret Aniles,

Ratus usque facetè nugari

Cœtus animare viriles.

X.

Seneca, Probitatis honestæ,
Monuit veneranda *Neronem*;
Furtimque fuligine *Testæ*,
Tulit acre *Scientiæ* donum.
Neque *Vates* inania finxit,
Quippe, fato instante, *Securus*,
Sua Sanguine *Balnea* tinxit,
Quasi fonte *Meri* moriturus.

XI.

Non *Discipulos* imbuisset
Pythagoras Arte tacendi,
Nisi sæpe potu meminisset
Sibi *Vim* periisse loquendi;
Tum, nescia *Mens* otuari,
Premeret licet *Amphora* Vocem,
Malefanâ cœpit *Meditari*
Vertigine *Metempsychosim*.

XII.

XII.

Animi, *Cato* fortis, austeri
 Scrutarier improba *Morum*,
 Benè gestiit addere, *Meri*,
 Virtutibus, igne, *Calorem*.
 Hâc si *Nepos* Arte bibisset,
 Superâisset *Amysside* Sortem;
 Neque *Dextra* superbè dedisset
 Temerariâ Cuspide, *Mortem*.

XIII.

Plato, *Philosophiæ Princeps*,
 Nisi pleniùs Ore bibisset
Nectareo, *scripta* deinceps
 Cælestia Nemo legisset.
 Hoc supra *Mortalium* Leges
 Animas docet esse *facetæ*,
 Hinc est quod habuimus *Reges*,
 Philosophos atque *Poetas*.



LUNILLA's *Complaint for the Loss*
of her PARROT.

I.

WHERE two tall Oaks combine their friend-
ly Shade.

In silent *Woe* was sad *Lunilla* laid ;
Her Head *reclin'd*, she *beav'd* a mournful *Sigh*,
And frequent *Tears* ran trickling from each *Eye* ;
Her feather'd *Fav'rite* by her *Side* was *plac'd*,
Who now (Oh ! sad *Reverse* !) had *breath'd* his *Last*.
At length she *wrung* her *Hands*, and tore her *Hair*,
And *vented* thus, the *Ravings* of *Despair*.

No

144 *The POETICAL MISCELLANY.*

No Grief like *mine* — no Fate like *Thine*, she cry'd,
Since *Venus* wept — or lov'd *Adonis* dy'd.

Be *dumb*, ye warbling *Choir*, your *Strain* give o'er,
For *Poll*, your *Glory* once, is now *no more*!

II.

If *Lesbia's Sparrow* justly claim'd a *Tear*,
You more than twenty thousand *Sparrows* were;
I *sought* thee *early* — and I *watch'd* thee *late* —
And little *beeded* thy approaching *Fate*:
For *Thee* I skimm'd the *Bowl*, — and brown'd the *Toast*;
Just *Heaven*! must all this pious *Care* be *lost*!
For *Thee* a *Magazine* of *Nuts* I hid;
Cou'd *Care* have *sav'd* thee, thou hadst never *dy'd*.
Ah! what is *Care*, if *Fate* must have its *Will*,
Tho' *Fevers* spare us — yet the *Pip* can kill!
Be *dumb*, &c.

III.

Tho' late thy ev'ry *Charm* with Joy I view'd,
By sad *Reflection*, now my *Pain's* renew'd:

Yet

Yet Just to *Thee* — I will thy *Praises* speak —
And tell thy *Graces*, tho' my *Heart* shou'd *break* :
Red was thy spreading *Tail* — bright *grey* thy *Coat* —
Thy dear, dear *Tongue* — like a *Pistacho Nut* :
Envy'd by *Beaux* and *Smarts*, thou oft wou'dst *sip*
The Quintessence of *Nectar* from my *Lip* :
Thy *Scream* was charming — graceful was thy
Walk —
And Thou wou'dst *Talk* ! — good *Gods* ! how thou
wou'dst *Talk* !

Be *dumb*, &c.

IV.

Cou'd e'er I see (but sure I never can)
Half thy *Perfections*, in that Creature, *Man* !
I might an *Ear* to proffer'd *Love* incline,
And *think* him no mean *Off'ring* at my *Shrine* :
I might *endure* him. — but I plainly feel
I shou'd not — cou'd not — love him half so well.
Oh ! had *Minerva* view'd thee with my *Eyes*,
And known, like *me*, thy *Excellence* to prize ;

She had, e'er this, *discarded* her own Owl,
 And, for the Bird of *Wisdom* — taken *Poll*.
 Be *dumb*, &c.

V.

Thus wail'd *Lunilla* — *Love* and *Venus* heard,
 And strait to *sooth* the soft *Distress* prepar'd;
 Mistaken *Girl*! the *Queen* of *Beauty* cry'd,
 Are there no *Parrots* in the *World* beside?
 Look round the wide *Domains* of fruitful *Nature*,
 You'll see *Poll* stamp'd on many a thoughtless *Feature*;
Myrtillo, *Strephon*, *Colin* — Thousands more —
 Who well can please you for an idle Hour.
 I'll single *One*, said *Love*, shall do't t'a *Tittle*,
 Talk full as *much* — as *well* — and think as *little*.
 Renew ye feather'd *Choir*, renew your *Strain*,
Lunilla dries her *Tears*, and seeks the *Plain*.





A DIALOGUE *between the*
POET *and his* FRIEND.

P O E T.

W H Y wears my pensive *Friend* that gloomy
Brow?

Say, whence proceeds th' imaginary *Woe?*

What prosp'rous *Villain* hast thou met to Day,

Or has afflicted *Virtue* cross'd thy Way?

Is it some *Crime* unpunish'd you *deplore,*

Or *Right* subverted by injurious *Pow'r?*

Be This, or That the *Cause*, 'tis wisely done
 To make the *Sorrows* of *Mankind* your *Own*;
 Your *Cares* are in a hopeful way to *cease*,
 If you must find *Perfection*, to find *Peace*.

But wreak thy *Malice*, vent thy stifled *Rage*,
 Inveigh against the *Times*, and lash the *Age*.

Perhaps, just recent from the *Court* you come,
 O'er *Public Ills* to ruminate at *Home*;
 Say — which of all the *Wretches* thou hast seen,
 Has thrown a *Morsel* to thy haughty *Spleen*?
 What worthless *Member* of that medly *Throng*,
 Who basely *Acts* — or tamely *suffers Wrong*;
 He who to *Nothing*, but his *Int'rests*, true,
 Cajoles the *Fool* he's working to *undo*;
 Or that more despicable, tim'rous *Slave*,
 Who knows himself *abus'd*, yet hugs the *Knave*?

Such

Such *Thoughts* as *These* shou'd never stir the *Rage*
Of youthful *Gall* — *Reflection* comes with *Age* —
'Tis our decaying *Life's* Autumnal *Fruit*,
The bitter *Produce* of her latest *Shoot* ;
When ev'ry *Blossom* of the *Tree* is *dead*,
Enjoyment wither'd, and our *Wishes* fled ;
Thine still is in its *Spring*, on ev'ry *Bough*
Fair *Plenty* blooms, and youthful *Odours* blow ;
Season of *Joy* — too *early* to be *Wise* —
The *Time* to covet *Pleasure*, not *despise* ;
Yours is an *Age* when *Trifles* ought to *please*,
To soon for *Reason* to attack thy *Ease* ;
Tho' still the *Hour* shall come, when thou shalt
 know
'Tis vain *Fruition* all — and empty *Shew*.
But late *examine* — late *inspect* Mankind —
If *seeing*, *pains* — 'tis *Prudence* to be *Blind* :
Let not their *Vices* yet employ thy *Thoughts*,
Laugh at their *Follies*, e're you weep their *Faults* ;

150 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And when (as sure you must) at last you find
 What *Things* they are, *resolve* to arm your *Mind*;
 Too *nicely* never their *Demerits* scan;
 And, of their *Virtues*, make the *most* you can;
 Silent *avert* the *Mischief* they *intend*,
 And *cross* — but seem not to *discern* — their *End*:
 If they *prevail*, *submit* — for *Prudence* lies
 In *suff'ring well* — 'tis equally *unwise*
 To *see* the *Injury* we won't *resent*,
 Or *mourn* the *Evil*, which we can't *prevent*.

F R I E N D.

You counsel well to bid me arm my *Mind* —
 Wou'd the *Receipt* were *easy*, as 'tis *kind*!
 But *hard* it is for *Misery* to *reach*
 That *Fortitude Prosperity* can *teach*.
 Cou'd I forbid what has been, to have been,
 Or lodge a *Doubt* on *Truths* myself have seen;
 Cou'd I divest *Remembrance* of her *Pow'r*,
 And say — collect these *Images* no more —

No

No more let past *Events* survive in you,
 In *Lights* too faithful usher'd to my *View* :
 Cou'd I but drive *Sensation* from my *Breast*,
 Or charm her wakeful *Faculties* to *Rest* :
 Cou'd I my *Nature*, and my self subdue,
 I might the *Method* you prescribe, pursue —
 But if from real *Causes* we endure,
 If *Reason's* our *Disease*, and not the *Cure* ;
 Then *seeming Ease* is all we can obtain,
 As one who long familiariz'd to *Pain*,
 Still feels the *Smart* — but ceases to complain. }

Tho' young in *Life*, yet long inur'd to *Care*,
 Thus I, submissive, ev'ry *Evil* bear ;
 If unexpected *Ills*, alone, are *hard*,
 Mine shou'd be *light*, who am for all prepar'd ;
 No *Disappointment* can my *Peace* annoy,
Disuse has wean'd me from the *Hope* of *Joy* ;
 The vain *Pursuit* for ever I give o'er,
 Repuls'd, I strive — betray'd, I trust no more.

Mankind I know — their *Nature* — and their *Art* —
 Their *Vice*, their own — their *Virtue*, but a *Part* —
Ill-play'd so oft, that all the *Cheat* can tell,
 And *dang'rous*, only, when 'tis *acted well* :
 In diff'rent *Classes* rang'd, a diff'rent *Name*
 Attends their *Practise* — but the *Heart's* the *same* :
 This *shews* the *Foe* — That *bides* it in the *Friend* —
 The *Road* is *various* — but the *same* the *End* —
 Their *Hate*, is *Int'rest* — *Int'rest* too, their *Love* —
 On the same *Springs*, these diff'rent *Engines* move ;
 That sharpens *Malice*, and directs her *Sting*,
 And thence — the honey'd *Streams* of *Flatt'ry* spring.

Long I *suspected* what at last I *know*,
 I *thought* Men *worthless*, now I've *prov'd* 'em so ;
Reluctant prov'd it, by too sure a *Rule* ;
 I *earn'd* my *Science* in a painful *School* ;
 He buys e'en *Wisdom* at too high a *Price*,
 Who pays my sad *Experience* to be *Wise*.

Why

Why did I *hope*, by sanguine *Views* possess'd,
That *Virtue* harbour'd in a human *Breast*?
Why did I *trust* to *Flatt'ry*'s specious *Wile*,
The *April Sun-shine* of her transient *Smile*?
Why disbelieve the *Lessons* of the *Wise*,
Who *taught* me young to *pierce* her thin *Disguise*?
I thought their *Rancour*, not their *Prudence*, spoke;
That Age, *perverse*, in false *Invectives* broke;
I thought their *Comments* on this gaudy *Scene*,
Th'Effects of *Phlegm* — and dictated by *Spleen*:
That *jealous* of the *Joys themselves* were *past*,
Their *Envy* try'd to *pall* their Children's *Taste*:
Like the deaf *Adder* to the *Charmer's Tongue*,
I gave no *Credit* to the *Truths* they sung;
But *happy* in a visionary *Scheme*,
Still sought *Companions* worthy my *Esteem*;
The *Tongue*, the Heart's *Interpreter*, I deem'd,
And judg'd of what Men *were*, by what they *seem'd*;
I thought each warm *Professor* meant me *fair*,
Each supple *Sycophant*, a *Friend* sincere;

The

The solemn *Hypocrite*, whose close *Design*
Mirth never interrupts, nor *Love*, nor *Wine*;
 Who, still attentive to what *Others* say,
Observes, to wound -- and questions, to betray;
Discussing ev'ry *Secret*, but his *Own*,
 Collecting *All* — communicating *None*;
Him, as the *Guardian* of my private *Thought*,
 In Morning *Councils* (cool *Resolves*,) I fought;
 To him still open, cautionless, consign'd
 The inmost *Treasure* of my secret *Mind*;
 My *Joys* and *Griefs*, delighted to impart,
 In sacred *Confidence*, unmix'd with *Art*;
 That dang'rous *Pleasure* of an honest *Heart*!
 Whene'er I purpos'd to unbend my *Soul*
 In social *Banquets*, where the circling *Bowl*
 To *Gladness* lifts all *Sorrow* — but *Despair* —
 And gives a transient *Lethe* to our *Care*,
 I chose the *Men* whose *Talents* entertain,
 And season *Converse* with a lively *strain*;
 Who, thoughtless still, by *Hope*, nor *Fear* perplexed,
 Enjoy the present *Hour*, and risque the *next*:

These

These, not the slothful *Luxury* of *Ease*,
Soft Beds of *Down*, nor balmy *Slumbers* please;
While wakeful *Kings*, on purple *Couches*, own
The secret *Sorrows* of their envy'd *Crown*;
And wait revolving *Light*, with shorter *Rest*,
Than e'en those *Wretches* by their *Pow'r* oppress'd;
This jocund *Train*, devoted to *Delight*,
In chearful *Vigils* still *protract* the *Night*,
Nor dread the *Cares* approaching with the *Day*,
Thro' each *Vicissitude*, for ever gay.

With such I *commun'd*, *pleas'd* when I cou'd find
Recess so grateful to the active *Mind*;
And while the *Youths* in sprightly *Contests* try,
With hum'rous *Tale* — or apposite *Reply* —
Or am'rous *Song* — or inoffensive *Jest* —
(The *Zest* of *Wit*) to glad the lengthen'd *Feast*;
My *Soul*! cry'd I — *depend* upon their *Truth*,
For *Fraud* inhabits not the *Heart* of *Youth* —
Indulge thy *Genius* here — be *free* — be *safe* —
Mirth is their *Aim* — They *covet* but to *Laugh* :

Pure

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Pure from *Deceit*, as ignorant of *Care*,
 Their *Friendships*, and their *Joys*, are both *sincere* ;
 I judg'd their *Nature*, like their *Humour*, good,
 As if the *Heart* depended on the *Blood* ;
 And that the *Seeds* of *Honesty* must grow
 Where-ever *Health* resides — or *Spirits* flow.

I see my *Error* — but I see too late —
 'Tis vain *Inspection* to look back on *Fate* ;
 What are the *Men* whom most *esteem'd* we find,
 But *Those* whose *Vices* are the most *refin'd* ?
 Blind *Preference*! for *Vice*, like *Poison*, shews,
 The surest *Wound* is in the subt'lest *Dose*.

To such *Reflections* when I turn my *Mind*,
 I loath my *Being* — and abhor *Mankind*.
 What *Joy* for *Truth* — what *Commerce* for the *Just* --
 If all our *Safety's* founded on *Distrust* ?
 If all our *Wisdom* is a mean *Deceit*,
 And *He* who *prosper*s, but the ablest *Cheat* ?

POET.

P O E T.

Oh early *Wife* ! how well hast Thou defin'd
The *Worth* -- the *Joys* -- the *Friendships* of Mankind!

F R I E N D.

Bless'd be the *Pow'rs* ! I know their abject *State*.

P O E T.

Yet bear with *This*, and hope a better *Fate*:
Thrice happy *They*, who *temp'rate*, *firm* and *wise*,
Can view this shifting *Scene* with stable *Eyes* ;
Can brave it's *Sorrows*, and its *Joys* despise ;
Who look on *Disappointments*, *Shocks* and *Strife*,
And all the consequential *Ills* of Life,
Not as *Severities* the *Gods* impose,
But easy *Terms* indulgent *Heav'n* allows

To

To Man, by short *Probation*, to obtain
Immortal *Recompence*, for tranſient *Pain* :

Th' *Intent* of *Heav'n* thus rightly *underſtood*,
From ev'ry *Evil*, we extract a *Good*.

This *Truth* divine, *implanted* in the *Heart*,
Supports each drudging *Mortal* thro' his *Part* ;
Opens delightful *Proſpects* to the *Blind*,
The *Friendleſs* hence a conſtant *Succour* find ;
The *Wretch*, by *Fraud* betray'd, by *Pow'r* oppreſs'd,
With this *Reſtorative*, ſtill, ſmooths his *Breaſt* ;
This ſuff'ring *Virtue* cheers ; this *Pain* beguiles ;
And decks *Calamity* herſelf in *Smiles* :
When *Mead* and *Hulſe* have *ranſack'd* ev'ry

Rule —

Taught in *Hippocrates* or *Galen's School*,
To quiet *Ills* that mock the *Leach's Art*,
Which *Opiates* fail to *deaden* in the *Heart*,
This *Cordial*, ſtill, th' *Incurable* ſuſtains,
He *Triumphs* in the ſharp, inſtructive *Pains* ;
Nor like a *Roman Hero*, falſely *Great*,
With impious *Hand*, anticipates his *Fate* ;

But

But waits, *resign'd*, the slow *approach* of *Death*,
Till that great *Pow'r* who gave, *demand*s his *Breath*.

Such is thy solid *Comfort*, *Love Divine* !
Such solid *Comfort*, Oh my *Friend*, be *Thine* !
On this firm *Basis*, thy *Foundation* lay
Of *Happiness*, not subject to *decay*.

On *Man*, no more, that frail *Support* ! depend,
The kindest *Patron*, or the warmest *Friend* ;
The warmest *Friend* may, one *Day*, prove *untrue*,
And *Int'rest* change the kindest *Patron's View* :
Hear not, *elate*, the *Fondness* they *profess*,
Nor, on the *Trial*, grieve to find it *less* ;
With *Patience*, each capricious *Change* endure ;
Careful to *merit*, where *Reward* is *sure* :
To *Providence* implicitly *resign'd*,
Let this Grand *Precept* poise thy wav'ring *Mind*.

With partial *Eyes* we *view* our own weak *Cause*,
And rashly scan *her* upright, equal *Laws* ;

For

For *undeserv'd*, she ne'er *inflicts* a *Woe*;
Nor is her *Recompence* *unsure*, tho' *slow*;
Unpunish'd, none *transgress* — *deceiv'd*, none *trust* —
Her *Rules* are *fix'd* — and all her *Ways* are *just*.



Advice



Advice to a Young LADY.

A SSES *Milk*, half a *Pint*, take at *Seven*, or *before*,
Then *sleep* for an *Hour*, or *Two*, and no *more*;
At *Nine* stretch your *Arms*, and oh think, when
alone,

There's no *Pleasure* in *Bed* — *Mary* — bring me my
Gown.

Slip on *That* ere you *rise*, let your *Caution* be such,
Keep all *Cold* from your *Breast* — there's already *too*
much.

Your *Pinner*s adjusted, your *Twitcher* ty'd on,
Your *Pray*'rs at an *End*, and your *Breakfast* quite
done,

Retire to some *Author*, improving and gay,
And, with *Sense* like your *Own*, set your *Mind* for
the *Day*.

At *Twelve* you may *Walk* — for at *this* * *Time* of
Year —

The *Sun* — like your *Wit* — is as *mild* as 'tis *clear* ;
But mark in the *Meadows* the *Ruin* of *Time*,
Take the *hint*, and let *Life* be improv'd in its *Prime* :
Return not in *haste* — nor of *Dressing* take *heed* —
For such *Beauty* as *yours* no *Assistance* can *need*.
With an *Appetite*, thus, down to *Dinner* you fit,
Where the *Chief* of the *Feast* is the *Flow* of your
Wit :

Let *This* be *indulg'd* — and let *Laughter* go round --
As it *cheers* up your *Mind*, to your *Health* 'twill
redound :

After *Dinner* two *Glasses*, at least, I *approve* ;
Name the *First* — to the *King* — the *next* — to
your *Love*.

Thus

* *September*.

Thus *cheerful*, with *Wisdom*, with *Innocence*, gay,
And *calm* with your *Joys*, gently *slide thro'* the *Day* :
The *Dews* of the *Ev'ning* most carefully *shun* ;
They are *Tears* of the *Sky*, for the *Loss* of the *Sun*.
Then *chat* -- or with *Play*, or a *Dance*, or a *Song*,
Let the *Night*, like the *Day*, glide with *Pleasure*
along :

All *Cares*, but of *Love*, *banish* far from your *Mind*,
And *Those* you may *end*, when you *please* to be *kind*.





A S O N G.

IN some kind *Dream* upon her *steal*,
And flyly all I beg *reveal* —

Breathe gently, in *Lucinda's* Ears,
Words full of *Love*, but full of *Fears* ;
Such *Words* as may prevail like *Pray'rs*
From a poor, dying *Martyr's* Tongue,
By the sweet Voice of *Pity* sung :
Wake the more soft enchanting *Lute*,
To strike her cold *Repulses* mute ;
This may insensibly impart
My tender *Wishes* to her *Heart* ;

And

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And by a sympathetic *Force*
So tune its *Strings* to Love's *Discourse*,
That when my *Griefs* compel a *Groan*,
Her *Sighs* may eccho to my *Moan*.





A POETICAL EPISTLE

To DANIEL WR—Y, *Esq*;

Scribimus indocti, —

AS Those who frequently resort
To *Balls — to Tea-Tables — and Court—*
Tho', as to *Breeding*, they before
Were less *polite* than — *Arthur M—re*;
Slide by Degrees into the *Fashion*,
(Such is the Force of *Conversation*,)
So I — who erst have oft in vain,
Dan Phæbus, and his *Virgin Train*,
Invok'd, till I was *hoarse* again;

}
And

And after writing Pages full,
Have found *much Cry, but little Wool*;
By reading *Authors* I admire,
Such as inimitable *Prior*,
Le H——nt and *Daniel Wr——y*, Esq;
Am grown a very rhiming *Elf*,
And always *please* — at least *my self* —
Attempt to sing the *Fair One's Praise*,
And crown my *Head* with fancied *Bays*.

Since then, to you, dear *Friend*, I owe
The *Wreaths* that shade poetic *Brow*,
Hear me relate by what *Degrees*
I soar'd such lofty *Heights* as these.

With *Finger* tap'd against my *Nose*
I measur'd first *five Feet* of *Prose*;
This was *blank Verse* — so far, at least,
I've gain'd my *Point* — now for the rest —
But sure this *Rhiming* might be spar'd;
This *Rhiming* is confounded hard —

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Bless'd *Milton*! who wou'd never own
 The *Fetters* under which I groan :
 But he, Great *Bard*! with *Sense* profound
 Makes ev'ry lofty *Page* abound,
 And *charms* with something more than — *Sound*.
 We a degen'rate, *scribbling Tribe*,
 Are forc'd with *Sounds* the Ear to bribe ;
 And *Wit*'s so scarce in these *hard Times*,
 'Tis cheaper far to deal in *Rhimes* :
 With jingling *Rhimes* together ty'd
 A shameful *Dearth* of *Sense* we hide.
 Well — *Rhime* I must, or else my *Lays*
 Will never gain the *Ladies Praise* —
 Yet on no *Crutch* wou'd I rely,
 No *Bishe's Art of Poetry*,
 Or *Crambo Accidence* had I;
 No *Book* to teach that — *cooling Breeze* —
 Wou'd jingle well to — *shady Trees* —
 Or if I sung *Clarissa's Breast*,
 The next soft *Line* must end — *be press'd* —
Whate'er

Whate'er I *spun*, tho' coarse and plain,
Was *spun* from my own proper *Brain*.—

Thus being *equipp'd*, I next in Course,
Of *Phæbus*, beg'd a *winged Horse*;
Not of that cursed head-strong *Brood*,
For which ambitious *Phaëton* fu'd;
Yet neither wholly *Fire* — nor *Wood*.

Th' indulgent *Father* grants my *Boon*,
Leads out the *Steed* — then sets me on —,
And said — hold tight the *Reins* — my Son!

Careful, at first, I *walk'd* along
A soft, *foot Pace*, in *Grub-street Song*;
Till, coming to a smother *Road*,
I *trotted* out into an *Ode*;
Quite tir'd of That — immediately —
I *canter'd* — in an *Elegy*;

Then — Ah! to bold *Pindaric Lays*
I *ambled* — but with little *Grace* —
At best, 'twas but a *shuffling Pace*.

At length, by *Custom* having gain'd
A firmer *Seat*, and steadier *Hand*,

Headlong

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Headlong I rush, with slacken'd *Rein*,
Full gallop — in the *Epic Strain*,
And bound, and thunder o'er the *Plain*.

If then, a *Poet* I am deem'd,
If any *Verse* of mine's esteem'd;
If any *Laurels* shade my *Brow*,
To you, Great *Bards*! my Thanks I owe;
To those great *Bards* whom I admire,
Such as inimitable *Prior*,
Le H—nt, & *Daniel Wr—y Esq*;





On the Du—efs of R—ch—nd.

WHAT do *Scholars*, and *Bards*, and *Philosophers*
wife,

Mean by stuffing one's *Head* with such *Nonsense* and
Lies?

By telling one *Venus* must always appear
In a *Carr*, or a *Shell*, or a twinkling *Star*,
Drawn by *Sparrows*, or *Swans*, or *Dolphins*, or *Doves*,
And attended, in *Form*, by the *Graces* and *Loves*;
That *Ambrosia* and *Nectar* is all she will *taste*,
And, her *Passport* to *Hearts*, a *Belt* round her *Waist*;
Without all this *Bustle* I saw the bright *Dame*,
To *Supper*, last Night, to *P—lt—y's* she came,

In

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In a good warm *Sedan* — no fine open *Carr* —
Two *Chairmen*, for *Doves* — and a *Flambeau* her
Star —

No *Nectar* she drank — no *Ambrosia* she eat —
Her *Cup* was plain *Claret* — and *Chicken* her *Meat* —
Nor wanted the *Cestus* her *Bosom* to grace ;
For *R—cb—nd* that Night had lent her her *Face*.





The THIRD ODE of the SE-
COND BOOK of HORACE
Imitated.

BE calm, *Dear Captain*, and serene,
However *Fortune* change the *Scene*;
Let not a weak *Excess* of *Joy*,
Or *Grief*, your steadfast *Mind* annoy;
Whether the *Gout*, (to dance a *Foe*,)
With rude *Attack*, invade your *Toe*,
And teach you the emphatic --- *Oh!*
Or whether, without *Pain*, you use
Immortal *Verdon's* shapely *Shoes*;
Go to the *Court*, the *Park*, the *Play*,
Or lovely --- foolish --- *Opera*;

Whether

Whether the joyous *Hours* you spend
 At *Oundle*, with a hearty *Friend*;
 Or with ingenious *Lloyd* you pry
 Into the various *Sweets* that lie
 Hid in Divine *Philosophy*.

With even *Mind* serenely stand
 The *Shocks* of *Fortune's* partial *Hand*;
 Be still *yourself* — this present *Hour*
 Live — while to *Live* is in your *Pow'r* —
 Soon must you go the lonely *Road*
 Which all your *Ancestors* have trod;
 Soon, very soon, the *same* 'twill be
 To you, dear *Captain*, and to me,
 Whether, upon this mortal *Stage*,
 We've trod the *Hero* — or the *Page* ---
 Whether we've liv'd in *Joy*, or *Pain*,
 So that we have not liv'd --- in *vain*.





The FIRST ODE of HORACE
Paraphras'd.

To Mr. M—n.

THO' to no *Peer* you are *ally'd*,
Nor *mark'd*, dear Sir, with *lordly Pride*,
To you this humble *Verse* I send,
Who, with the *Critic*, mix the *Friend*.
'Tis not for *me*, as well I weet,
Some *Noble Patron's* Ear to greet,
With infant *Strains*, and pointleſs *Wit*.
Too ſure to ſink beneath my *Theme*,
And, by *aspiring*, *meaner* ſeem;
Like *Birds*, who as they *higher* go,
Still *leſs* appear, to thoſe *below*.

Let

Let *Horace*, in *Immortal Lays*,
 Alone the *Tuscan Knight* address;
 For *Pollio* tun'd be *Virgil's* Lyre,
 Be *Dorset* only sung by *Prior*.

The *Dedication* thus being fix'd,
 Let us, with *Horace* for our *Text*,
 Observe how each Man does pursue,
 With equal *Warmth*, a diff'rent *View*;
 And forms his wild Desires to crown
 A *Summum Bonum* of his Own:
 This *Lord* admires *Newmarket Sports*,
 Hates *Bus'ness*, and intriguing *Courts*;
 If *Chanter* win the *Seven* to *Four*,
 His *Joy's compleat* — he asks no more.

Another bustles in the *State*,
 And pawns his *Conscience* — to be *Great*;
 Tho' *Law's* insulted — *Credit* dies, —
 And Nations *starve* — if he but *rise*,
Trick'd out with *Garter*, *Staff*, or *Key*,
 “ *Bless'd* as th' *Immortal Gods* is *He*.”

Sir *Plume*, embroider'd, empty, gay,
Saunters at *Court*, or lolls at *Play*;
Pleas'd if the *Ladies* do but stare;
Admire his *Box* — or praise his *Air* —
Like *Bias*, the conceited Elf
Sees *All Things* — in his own dear *Self*.

Old *Gripus*, smiles amidst his *Store*,
And counts his *Guineas* o'er and o'er;
Intrench'd in *Bags* he danger *mocks*;
By nothing *mov'd* — but *Fall* of *Stocks*.

Curio, Book-Miser, nightly flies
To *Auctions* with inquiring *Eyes*,
In hopes some fav'rite *Piece* to gain,
A *Plantan*, — or a *Vascosan* —
The *Types*, not *Sense*, his Fancy takes;
He *Virgil* loves for *Aldus'* Sake;
And *Quarles*, or *Bunyan*, wou'd revere,
If printed by old *Elzevir*.

The *Hind* who tills with careful Hand
 Thy Fields, *Essexia*! happy Land!
 Those *Fields* you wou'd persuade in vain
 To leave, and tempt the rolling Main,
 Or *Ormus* — or *Peru* to gain.

The blustering *North's* impetuous Roar —
 Th' insidious *Sand* — the rocky *Shore* —
Awile the Ship-wreck'd *Merchant* fears,
 And cursing all his former *Cares*,
 The *Rustic's* humble Joy commends,
 Secure from *Rocks* — and *Waves* — and *Winds*:
 But prosp'rous *Gales*, behold, arise!
 And smother *Seas* — and clearer *Skies* —
Invite to leave the idle *Coast*,
 And now all *Fear* in *Hope* is lost;
 He rigs his tatter'd *Ship* once more;
 And dares the *Fate* he felt before:
 Regardless of the *Sweets* that lie
 Conceal'd in quiet *Poverty*.

Granadoes,

Granadoes, Cannons, Drums and Swords,
And warlike *Oaths*, and thund'ring *Words*,
The *Tilt-Yard's* furious *Sparks* delight,
And lard their *Talk*, instead of *Wit* :
Each *Hero* curses o'er his *Tea*
Peace, and its ragged *Mate* — *Half Pay* —
And longs to see the *War* renew'd,
And *Flanders* bath'd again in *Blood* ;
Already he *Tournay* attacks
In *Thought* — and some rich *Nunn'ry* sacks —
And bears *triumphant* to his *Trenches*
The consecrated *Gold* — and *Wenches*.

At Five Squire *Ringwood* leaves his Bed,
(And *Fame* reports, his *Wife* unpaid,)
His Pack of *Fellow-Brutes* to follow,
And join the *Consort* with his, *Hallow* !
Ventures his *Neck* to help the *Sport*,
And nothing gets but *Carrion* for't;

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At Night, with *Wits* of equal Size,
March Beer all other *Joys* supplies;
 In one eternal *Circle* moves
 The *Jug* — each *Round* their *Noise* improves —
 Till — see — (for all Things yield to *Fate*,
 Ev'n *Drinking* has its settled *Date*,)
 Down sinks the '*Squire*, — in *Ruin Great*, —
Supported reels to *Bed* with *Pain*,
Snores, and forgets his *Spouse* again.

Me *Science*, lovely *Matron*, charms,
 The more she's *seen*, the more she *warms*;
 My learned *Lust* each *Author* fires,
 Each *Art* to some new *Art* inspires:
 Now I *explore*, with greedy *Eye*,
 The *Depths* of rich *Philosophy*;
 Where, with new *Stores* of *Knowledge* fraught,
Locke paints the various *Maze* of *Thought*;
 Now *mount* above each *Ancient's Throne*,
 Where *Phœnix Newton* sits alone;

Strange

Strange *Truths* unfolding in each *Page*
To the convinc'd, yet wond'ring *Age*;
Of stated *Laws* for ev'ry *Sphere*,
And *Nature* wildly regular :
Sometimes, *alone*, the live long *Day*
Far in the tufted *Grove* I stray,
Cam, gentle *Stream* ! thy Banks along,
“ *Smit* with the *Love* of sacred *Song*”
There his shrill *Trump*, now, *Homer* blows,
With all his *Rage* my Bosom *glows* ;
Now *Ovid*'s softer *Measures* move
My yielding *Soul*, and all is *Love* ;
Now *Horace* strikes the sprightly *Lyre*,
And *Mirth* succeeds to fond *Desire* ;
With *Roses* crown'd, no more I pine,
But lose my *Care* in fancy'd *Wine* :
Thus *warm'd*, sometimes with vent'rous *Wing*
I court the *Muse*, and try to *Sing* ;

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I try to sing, dear *Joe* ! to you,
And pay the *Debt* to *Friendship* due;
O'erjoy'd if you approve my *Lays*,
And careless of all other *Praise*.



An



An EPISTLE*

To a very young Lady from ITALY.

*Our Salick Law of Wit you have destroy'd
Establiſh'd Female Claim, and triumph'd o'er our Pride.*

HUGHES.

WHILST you, *Athenia!* with unwearied Toil,
Reap the rich *Fruits* of *Learning's* fertile Soil,
Now search whate'er *Historic Truth* has shewn,
And make the *Stores* of Ages past your Own;
Now crop the *Blossoms* of *Poetic Flow'rs*,
And range delighted in the *Muses Bow'rs*,
Say — will the sweetest of her Sex attend
To *Lines* by *Friendship*, not by *Flatt'ry* penn'd,

N 4

To

* Occasion'd by reading a *Poem* of Mr. L—tt—t—n's, wherein he asserts that the sole *Business* of the *Ladies* ought to be to inspire the *Passion* of Love. —

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To *Lines* which wooe thy *Worth* with honest *Praise*,
And still to nobler *Heights* that *Worth* wou'd raise;
To *Lines* which dare against a *World* decide,
And stem the *Rage* of *Custom's* roaring *Tide*?

Come, then — *Athenia!* freely let us scan
The Coward-*Insults* of that Tyrant, *Man!*
Self-prais'd, and grasping at *despotic Pow'r*,
He looks on *Slav'ry* as the *Female Dow'r*;
To *Nature's Law* ascribes what *Force* has giv'n,
And *Usurpation* deems the *Gift* of *Heav'n*.

See the first peopled *East*, where *Asia* sheds
Her balmy *Spices* o'er her fertile *Meads*;
While yet th' *Assyrian* stretch'd his wide *Domain*
From distant *Indus* to the *Cyprian Plain*,
By impious *Force* all *Laws* of *Nature* broke,
The softer *Sex*, to *Slav'ry's* galling *Yoke*;
Bow'd their fair *Necks* — from *social Life* confin'd,
And all th' *Exertions* of th' enlighten'd *Mind*,

Shut

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Shut in the proud *Seraglio's* wanton *Bow'rs*,
The *Dalliance* of the *Tyrant's* looser *Hours* :
By *King's* Examples *Subjects* form their *Lives*,
**Satraps* — *Lords* — *Commons* — had their *Train* of
Wives ;

Proportion'd *Pride* each petty *Tyrant* craves,
And each poor *Female* was the *Slave* of *Slaves*.

When *Persia* next o'erturn'd th' *Assyrian Throne*,
Shatter'd its *Tyranny*, and fix'd *her Own* ;
The *Fair* distress'd no milder *Treatment* saw —
Theirs was, alone, th' *unalterable Law*.

In future *Times* whatever *Masters* came,
Tyrants were chang'd — but *Tyranny* the same —
At length t'accumulate the *Female Woes*,
The curst *Impostor*, *Mahomet*, arose ;
Cloth'd with *Prophetic Lyes*, he laid his *Plan*
On the strong *Basis* of the *Pride* of *Man* :

T'oppress

* Lord *Lieutenants* or *Governors* of *Provinces*. —

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T'oppress th'*oppress'd* — to pierce the feeble *Heart*--
To arm 'gainst tender *Breasts* th' invenom'd *Dart*
Of pitiless *Contempt* ——— for this was taught
The *Pea* — *led Dove* — and the black *Koran* wrote.

“ *Women* — the Joys of *Men*, and Slaves of *Lust*--
“ *Women* — mere *Moulds* to form their outward
 Crust ———
“ But the bright *Spark* that animates our *Clay*,
“ 'Th' *Immortal Soul*, to *Man* alone's confin'd,
“ Not meanly *squander'd* on weak *Womankind*.”

Accursed *Fiend*! by *Hell's* black *Counsels* driv'n
Thus to *debase* the fairest *Work* of *Heav'n*!
And cou'd *Religion* rear her awful *Head*
Fraught with such *Maxims*? cou'd *Delusion* spread
From Western *Tangiers*, and the Sun-burnt *Moor*,
To the cold *Tartar's* ever frozen *Shore*?
Ev'n *Greece*, too, not exempt — *Greece* once the
 Seat

Where *Sense* and *Freedom* held the *Reins* of *State*;

Where

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Where *flourish'd* once, and *flourish* still in *Fame*,
Th' *Athenian Matron*, and the *Spartan Dame*:
Rome once was *free* --- once, ev'n in haughty *Rome*,
The *female Virtues* were allow'd to *bloom* ---
Let *Envy* say --- when *Cannæ's* crimson'd *Plain*
Was heap'd with *Mountains* of the *Roman Slain*,
Was there a *Matron* wept her *Children dead*?
Was there a *Matron* wept not *Those that fled*?
When ev'ry *Rumour* seem'd the *Voice of Fate*,
And spoke the *Victor* thund'ring at their *Gate*,
Deign'd they to sue for *Peace*? did they not pour
Their *Wealth*, their *Jewels* to the *Public Store*; }
With emulating *Haste* *All* pressing to be *Poor*? }

But, Oh! how *chang'd* --- where *Love* and *Friend-*
ship shone,
Domestic Tyranny has fix'd his *Throne* ---
There frowns in *horrid State* --- while at his *Side*,
Swoll'n with *Self-flatt'ry*, stands stiff-necked *Pride*--
--- Arm'd

188 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Arm'd with *Whips*, *Bars* and *Padlocks*, brutal
Strength,

(Of * *Paynim* Brood) next rears his monstrous
Length——

Leftward, two twin-born *Fiends* his *Ear* engage,
Tongue-canker'd *Jealousy*, and fire-ey'd *Rage*,
While *pale* and *shrivel'd* lurk behind the *Chair*
Squint-ey'd Suspicion, and distracting *Fear*.

Hail, happy *Britain!* dear, parental *Land*
Where *Liberty* maintains her latest *Stand!*
Oh! while amidst *Tyrannic Realms* I rove,
Enamour'd let me pour my *Filial Love*
Into thy *Bosom* —— when the *Raven Wings*
Of *Darkness* hover o'er me, when the *Springs*
Of ev'ry outward *Sense* are shut, my *Soul*
Thee oft *revisits* —— oft without *Controll*

Ranges

* Of *Heathenish* Extraction. —

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 189

Ranges thy flow'ry *Meadows*, and inhales
Friendship's extatic *Bliss*, and *Freedom's* healthful
Gales.

But say, *Britannia* ! whence that *Law* to bind
In Chains of *Ignorance* the *Female Mind* ?
Ah ! why to *Them* the pure *Æthereal Ray*
Of *Science* veil'd ? why does each *Pedant* say —
“ Shield me propitious *Pow'rs* ! nor clog my *Life*
“ With that supreme of *Plagues* -- a *Learned Wife*—
“ 'Tis *Man's* with *Science* to expand the *Soul*,
“ And wing his *Eagle Flight* from *Pole* to *Pole* ;
“ 'Tis *his* to clear *Antiquity's* dark *Gloom*,
“ And pierce the thicker *Shade* of *Times* to come ;
“ 'Tis *his* to rule the pond'rous *Helm* of *State*
“ And bear, alone, all *Wisdom's* solid *Weight* :
“ Let *Woman* with alluring *Graces* move
“ The fondling *Passions*, — and the *Baby Love* ; --
“ Be this her only *Science* — be her *Doom*
“ Fix'd to the *Toylet*, the *Spinnet*, and *Loom*.

Tongue-

Tongue-doughty *Pedant* ! was *Athenia's* Soul
 For *these* alone inform'd ? Go --- prove that e'er
 Thy School-proud *Tribe* cou'd boast a greater Share
 Of *Mental Excellence* --- tho' vernal *Youth*
 Just swells her lovely *Bosom*, yet blest *Truth*,
 (Offspring of *Sense* and *Industry*) has there
 Long fix'd her fav'rite *Seat*, and taught the *Fair*
 Or *Wisdom's* deep *Recesses* to explore ;
 Or on *Reflection's* rapid *Wings* to *soar*
 Above th' *Aonian Mount* --- and dost thou think
 Those *Faculties* that raise the *Soul*, must sink
 Th' external *Charms* ? must *Knowledge* give *Offence*,
 And are the *Graces* all at War with *Sense* ?
 Say — who of all her *Sex* is form'd to move
 The fondest *Passion*, most extatic *Love*,
 More then *Athenia* ? in her gentle *Eye*,
 Soft *Innocence*, and Virgin *Modesty*,
 Love's Empire fix, while still a new-born *Grace*
Springs in each varying *Feature* of her *Face* ;

Her

Her sprightly *Wit* no forward *Pertness* spoils,
No Self-assuming *Airs* her *Judgment* soils;
Still prone to *Learn*, tho' capable to *Teach*,
And lofty all her *Thoughts*, but humble all her *Speech*.

Proceed *Athenia*! let thy growing *Mind*
Take ev'ry *Knowledge* in of ev'ry kind —
Still on *Perfection* fix thy steady *Eye*;
Be ever *rising*, rise thou ne'er so *high*;
But still *reflect*, that in th'advent'rous *Flight*
Thou mount'st a *glorious* — but a *dangerous Height*.

When ev'ry *Sense* with ev'ry *Charm* shall join;
When most thy *Virtues*, most thy *Beauties* shine;
When thickest *Crouds* enamour'd press around;
When loudest ev'ry *Tongue* thy *Praise* shall sound;
When all the *Wise* are charm'd, and wily *Art*
Joins with soft *Passion* to attack thy *Heart*;
When *Versè* too offers *Incense* at thy *Shrine*,
And *Adoration* breathes in ev'ry *Line*;

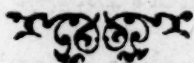
Then

Then let the friendly *Muse* express her *Fear* ;
 'Tis then that *Danger* spreads her viewless *Snare* :
 Then let this *Truth* possess thy inmost *Soul* ---
 --- One *Drop* of *Vanity* may spoil the *Whole*.

Not *Self-secure* on Earth can *Knowledge* dwell ---
Knowledge --- the *Hymn* of *Heav'n* --- and *Howl*
 of *Hell*

Alike, the *Instrument* of *Good* and *Evil* ;
 The *Attribute* of *God*, and of the *Devil* :
Virtue, without her, is a *pow'rless Will*,
She, without *Virtue*, is a *Pow'r of Ill* :
 Or prompt to aid our *Virtue*, or oppose,
 She proves the best of *Friends*, or worst of *Foes*.

Oh ! be they once in happy *Union* join'd,
 And be that *Union* in *Athenia's Mind*.





The D R E A M.

I DREAMT that buried in my *Native Clay*,
Close by a common *Beggar's Side* I lay ;
And as so mean an *Object* shock'd my *Pride*,
Thus, like a *Corpse* of *Quality*, I cry'd —
Scoundrel! be gone — and henceforth *touch me not* ;
More *Manners* learn — at humbler *Distance* rot --
How — *Scoundrel!* with a haughtier *Tone* cry'd he,
Proud lump of *Earth!* I scorn thy *Words*, and *Thee* --
For all are *equal now* — thy *Cafe* is *Mine* ——
This is my *Rotting Place* — and *That* is *Thine*.





*Occasion'd by Mr. NASH's PICTURE
being hung up in the Great BALL ROOM
at BATH, with the Busto's of Sir
ISAAC NEWTON and Mr. POPE, on
each Side.*

THE Old *Ægyptians* hid their *Wit*
In *Hieroglyphic Dress*,
To give Men *Pains* in *search* of it,
And *please* themselves with *Guess*.

Moderns to tread the self same *Path*,
And exercise their *Parts*,
Place *Figures* in a Room at *Bath*,
Forgive them *God of Arts*!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All *Wisdom* does *expres*s,
His *Knowledge* gives Mankind new *Light*;
Adds to their *Happiness*.

Pope, is the *Emblem* of true *Wit*,
The *Sunshine* of the *Mind*;
Read but his *Works* for proof of it,
You'll endless *Pleasure* find.

Nash, represents *Man* in the *Mass*,
Made up of *Wrong* and *Right*,
Sometimes a F—l — sometimes an A——
Now *blunt* — and now *polite*.

The *Picture* plac'd the *Busts* between,
Adds to the *Thought* much *Strength*;
Wisdom and *Wit* are little seen,
But F——y at full *Length*.



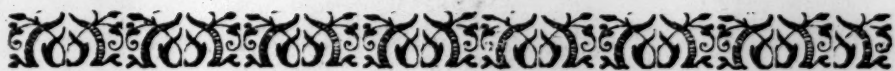


*Part of a Copy of Verses on Mrs. A. B—'s
going from OXFORD to NEWN-
HAM by Water.*

THE waving Oaks of Newnham's pendent
Wood

To meet her seem'd to rush into the Flood:
Peep o'er their Fellows Heads to see the Fair,
Whose Name upon their wounded Bark they bear.





A BALLAD.

Occasion'd by the foregoing V E R S E S.

To the Tune of, To you fair Ladies, &c.

I.

W HILE you, my charming *Nancy*, reign
Of ev'ry Muse the *Theme*,
Whose *Presence* decks with *Flow'rs* the *Plain*,
With *Pride* swells *Isis'* *Stream*,
May I presume you'll lend an *Ear*
To me, your humble *Sonneteer*.

With a *Fa, la, la*.

II.

But leaft, my *Fair*, you fhould look *cold*,

Cry, pifh — and call me *rude* —

Or think that I dare be fo bold

My *Paflion* to intrude ;

It is is not for *myself* I *fue*,

But for fome *Trees* that *die for you*.

With a Fa, la, la.

III.

Since late on *Ifis'* filver *Flood*

Your fatal *Form* was feen,

Some lucklefs *Trees* in *Newnham Wood*

(Till then fo *fair* and *green*)

No more their leafy *Honours* fpread,

But *figh* for *you* — and hang their *Head*.

With a Fa, la, la.

IV.

'Tis said that with a *Look* most *queer*

The *Dotards* peeping stood,

No *Priest*, with more lascivious *Leer*,

Confessing *Nun* e'er view'd ;

Nay, that they *rush'd* into the *Flood* —

Was e'er such *am'rous Sticks of Wood* ?

With a Fa, la, la.

V.

How then can all your num'rous *Band*

Of *Lovers* not *despair*,

When *Hearts of Oak* cannot withstand

A *Face* so wond'rous *fair* ?

Since in your *Breast* no *Pity's* found,

Tho' *Lovers* hang — and *Oaks* are *drown'd*.

With a Fa, la, la.

VI.

Well did the *Poet's* am'rous *Song*
 Stile you the *Publick Care*,
 For all our *Country 'Squires*, ere long,
 Will *dread* the passing *Fair* :
 Think — what will poor L——d *Harcourt* do —
 Now * *Newnham Woods* are fir'd by you ?
 With a Fa, la, la.

VII.

In *Pity* to our *Woods*, restrain
 The *Light'ning* of your *Eyes*,
 Since at each *Glance* upon the *Plain*
 Some blasted *Forest* dies :
 If you *proceed*, my lovely *Maid* !
 You'll ruin our *Poetic Shade*.
 With a Fa, la, la.

VIII.

* Belonging to an Estate of Lord *Harcourt* in *Oxfordshire* —

VIII.

If still on fell *Destruction* bent,
You'll use your *Pow'r* to kill,
On *Christ Church Elms* your *Fire* be spent,
Let *Them* your *Vengeance* feel;
No better *Fate* to *Them* is due —
They know the *Hand* that — *libel'd* you.
With a Fa, la, la.





The SEVENTH ODE *of the*
THIRDBOOK *of* HORACE
Paraphras'd.

I.

WEEP not — O peerless *Wife!* in vain,
Thy *Dear* whom distant *Lands* detain,
Thy kind, thy constant *Harry* —
Bless'd with the forfeit *Wealth* of *Spain*,
Kind *Gales* will give him us again,
With many a *fine Thing* for ye.

II.

II.

Still, tho' *remote*, his *Love* is *true*,
Sole *Empress* of his *Heart* are you ;
 No other *she* can * *draw him*,
For you he wastes cold *Nights*, I know,
In *Tears* — and tossing to and fro —
 As well as if I *saw him*.

III.

The Toilet *Damsel*, where he lives,
Tells him how fore her *Lady* grieves,
 And *pires* his cold *Disdaining* —
Says — Ill-tim'd *Virtue* never *thrives*,
Runs down the homely *Love* of *Wives*,
 And *deafs* him with *Complaining*.

III.

* i. e. entice — ex gr. — trahunt promissa puellas.

— Ov. Art. Am. 1. 631.

IV.

She sets before his *Eyes*, by Rote,
 How silly *Joseph* lost his *Coat*,
 And *far'd* yet worse, *refusing*;
 Nor is poor *Peleus'* Case forgot,
 Who, 'faith, had well nigh gone to *Pot*,
 For proffer'd *Love misusing*.

V.

With *Tales* encouraging to *Sin*,
 She thus eternally puts in,
 He sighs for *you* — and hears 'em ——
 Yet never she his *Heart* cou'd win,
 Firm as a *Rock* he yet has been,
 And *Dangers*, he ne'er fears 'em.

VI.

VI.

You in *return* — his *Wife* so fair —
Of Neighbour *Tinsel* shou'd beware,
That constant, civil *Teaser*;
A *Wife* like you, oblig'd so far,
Your absent *Harry's* only *Care*,
No foreign *Vows* shou'd please her.

VII.

His winning *Laugh* — his gentle *Mien* —
His *Air* in taking *Spanish* plain,
I own, are most exceeding;
Full many a *Dame* these *Arts* have ta'en,
Forgetful of her own good *Man*,
For want of timely *beeding*.

VIII.

VIII.

Shut then the *Door* — at early *Night* —

Nor give one *look* into the *Street*,

Tho' forty *Kits* are *squeaking* :

Here, to be *cruel*, still is right ;

Here, tho' he *raves*, and *swears* downright

His very *Heart* is *breaking*.





The LYON worn out with Age.

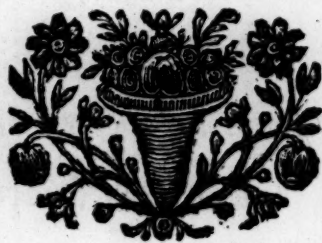
Transf. from PHÆDRUS. Fab. 21. li. 1.

Humbly Address'd to the Right Hon. the Earl of Or—d.

A LYON, once, worn out with Cares,
And sunk beneath a Weight of Years,
His Strength quite gone — his Vigour past —
Lay down — to breathe, in Peace, his Last.
When straight a Boar rush'd out upon him,
To vindicate some Wrongs he'd done him;
Vengeful, and fierce, a Bull stalk'd forth,
Who long had envy'd him his Worth,
And now, to urge the fatal Blow,
Lets drive upon the prostrate Foe:
An Ass — (the Shame of the Creation —
But Asses must be in the Fashion)

Who

Who long had kept at humble *Distance*,
 Perceiving not the least *Resistance*,
 Came next — (as *Cowards* still are wont)
 And rudely *spurn'd* his sacred *Front* :
 When thus the *Monarch* — “ spare, Oh spare !
 “ *This* from the *Brave*, I ill can bear ;
 “ But, ah ! to *suffer* it from *Thee*,
 “ Is *worse* than *fifty Deaths* to me.”





The HARE and the GREY-HOUND.

POOR *Puss*, run down by Country 'Squire,
Was just a going to *expire*,
But first obtain'd that small *Reprieve*
Which ev'n to *Reprobates* we give ;
And thus, with complimentary — *Sir !*
Bespoke her *Executioner*.

“ Why all this *Bustle* — all this *Strife* —
“ To take away a *harmless Life* ?
“ Not the least *Harm* I've ever *done*
“ To *you* — the 'Squire — or *any one* —
“ When did I ever more than *crop*
“ The tender *Grass* — or *Turnip Top* ?

- “ What *Farmer* ever did *complain*
 “ I kill’d his *Lambs* — or hurt his *Grain*?
 “ And yet I find no more *Compassion*
 “ Than if I’d *plunder’d* a whole *Nation*.
 “ Besides — what *Pleasure* can you take
 “ In *Mischief*, for pure *Mischief’s Sake*?
 “ For after all your *Care* and *Toil*,
 “ You’re not the *better* for the *Spoil*;
 “ And *few* so vile to *thirst* for *Blood*
 “ Which *spilt*, can do *Themselves* no *Good*.

Sharper — who *mark’d* each Word she *said* —
 With hanging *Look*, and downcast *Head*,
 Reply’d — that *Murder* was his *Trade* :
 Not *conscious* he of any *Fault*,
 In *doing* what he had been *taught* —
 The *Sire* that got — the *Dam* that *bore him* —
 Had always *done the like before him*;
 Nor in the least was *He* to *blame*,
 When ev’ry *Greyhound* did the *same* ;

Nay

Nay — 'twas his *Duty* to fulfil
(The best he cou'd) his *Master's Will* —
So that — to cut the Matter *short* —
The '*Squire* — not *He* — shou'd answer for't.

Thus, having *argu'd* well the *Case*,
He gave poor *Pufs* the *Coup-de-Grace*.

M O R A L.

THIS *Tale* is given as a *Sample*,
To shew the *Force* of ill *Example*;
That *Vice* ne'er wants its proper *Source*,
While *Others* are as *bad* — or *worse*.





Advice to a PAINTER, *drawing*
CLARISSA's *Picture.*

RASH *Limmer* ! if thou dar'st to trace
The Beauties of *Clarissa's* Face,
With artful *Pencil*, try to mix
The various *Charms* of either *Sex* —
For, ah ! believe — thou'lt never find
Such *Graces* in all *Womankind* :
One Sex, alone, is much too *Poor*
To furnish out the boundless *Store*.

Let manly *Judgment*, *Sense*, and *Wit*,
Upon her solid *Brow* be writ :

Here

Here Virgin *Modesty* disclose —
There blend the *Lilly* and the *Rose* —
Be *there* — by heav'nly *Touch* express'd,
The downy *Softness* of her *Breast* ;
Nay — (or the *Piece* will never do)
Its *Whiteness* must be — pencill'd too ;
Tho' *Venus' Doves* are not so *fair*,
Nor half so soft the *Vernal Air* :
All *Nature* must with *Art* combine,
To make it, like *Herself* — *divine*.

But wou'dst thou top the *Painter's Part*,
And make us wonder at thy *Art*,
Copy *Clarissa* from my *Heart* ;
For she *herself* is not more *Fair*,
Than thou wilt find *Love* paint her *There*.





To CLARISSA.

Occasion'd by her leaving the AUTHOR *to*
go to London.

WHEN her *Beams*, that late warm'd me,
 Clarissa withdrew,
How *chang'd* on a sudden — how *lifeless* I grew!
Quite *uneasy*, and *restless* — I rov'd up and down —
So strange a *Disorder*, sure, never was known:
I sat down to *write* — and endeavour'd to *Think* —
But no Use cou'd I make of my *Pens*, or my *Ink*:
I flew to my *Claret* — that *Balm* to the *Mind*!
But, ah! in my *Claret*, no *Ease* cou'd I find!

In

In *Diversions*, I next hop'd to get some *Relief*,
But — *Diversions* how *vain!* to a *Heart* full of
Grief —

Then I purr'd o'er my *Books* — sure, (thought I,)
'mongst the *Wise*,

I shall meet with some marvellous *Cure* in a *Trice*;
But they *honestly* told me, that what I *endur'd*
Cou'd, *alone*, by the *Nymph* who first caus'd it, be
cur'd,

Then haste, my *Clarissa*, to shine on me haste,
Left, *benighted* much longer, this *Verse* be my *last*.





TIT *for* TAT,
OR THE
TRIUMPH *of* BEAUTY.

I.

CLARISSA piqu'd at *Cælia's* Scorn,
Complains she's very rude ;
Such *Usage* is not to be borne,
She cries — in angry mood.

II.

A Word — *Clarissa* — in your *Ear* —
Look round the *World* — and see —
If ever yet two *Belles* so fair
Cou'd heartily agree.

III.

III.

Nor marvel, if such *Charms* as *Thine*
Two diff'rent *Passions* move ;
If *Some* to *Envy* they incline,
In *Others* kindle *Love*.

IV.

And why shou'd *This* such *Rage* inspire ?
Prithee, no longer *vex* ;
While *Men* must one and all *admire*,
A *Fig* for your *own Sex* !

V.

Let fifty *Cælias* flout and flee,
And e'er so much repine,
They'll never match *Clarissa's Air*,
Nor boast a *Form* like *Thine*.



TO CLARISSA.

I.

GO to her *Hands*, and in the softest *Dress*
 That ever *Love* put on, *appear*;
 Soft as that *Touch* which Thou wilt meet with
There:

If she *looks* on Thee, as she can't do *less*,
 Shine with the *Lustre* borrow'd from her *Eyes*,
 Live in those *Rays* by which her *Strephon* dies.

II.

Let ev'ry *Line* the wretched *Cause* repeat;
 Tell her — yet stay — one *Minute* longer stay —
 Tell her — I dare not tell Thee what to say:
 Not ev'n the *Fury* of *Poetic Heat*,

Nor

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 219

Nor the fierce *Flames* of *Love*,

Perhaps may *move*

Clarissa to *forgive* :

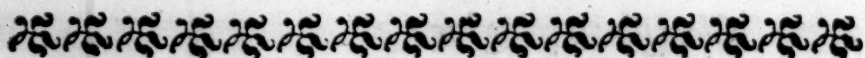
Oh ! how *unhappy* then am I !

Who must by *Silence* die,

And cannot — dare not — by *Confession* live.



The

*The* LARK. *A* SOLILOQUY.

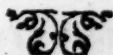
SEE! how yon happy *Creature* mounts, and sings,
 And *times* his distant *Notes* with equal *Wings*!
 In *Motion* like the twinkling of a *Star*,
 The tow'ring *Object* trembles in the *Air*;
 Claps his glad *Wings*, and in the azure *Sky*
 Buries the *Speck*, and leaves my fainting *Eye*;
Breatheless and *tired* now, his *Spirits* fail,
 See! how he downward *darts* to yonder *Vale*!
Happiest of earthly *Creatures*! oh, that I
 Had *Wings* like *Thee* — like *Thee* cou'd upward *fly*!
Blest be the *Means* our Great *Creator* gave,
 Our *Souls* shall more exalted *Stations* have;
 This only *Diff'rence* will the *Flight* attend,
 We shall *mount* too — but never more *descend*.

Written



Written in DELIA'S PRAYER-BOOK.

IN vain, too cruel *Delia* ! you *implore*
With oft repeated *Vows*, the sacred *Pow'r* —
In vain beg *Mercy* which you never gave,
And ask a *Life* deny'd your dying *Slave* :
If *Heav'n's* tremendous *Throne* you hope to move ;
First — *Pity* learn — and what you *ask* — *approve* :
On even *Terms* our *Pardon* is assign'd ;
The *Merciful*, alone, shall *Mercy* find.





V E R S E S *on the* K I N G ' s

Return. 1720. *The* S O U T H - S E A

Year.

— *Desideriis iēta fidelibus*

Quærit patria Cæsarem.

W H A T strange impetuous *Storms* of *State*
Hath pale *Britannia* felt of late !

What sudden Hurricanes have rose,
And wrecked her Credit and Repose !
Gloomy *Despair*, and black *Dismay*,
Hung on each slow revolving Day ;

Distrust

Distrust, in every Face appeared,
In every Voice, *Complaints* were heard;
Each *Tongue*, with silent *Woes* oppressed,
Each *Look*, more eloquent, confessed
The secret *Sorrows* of each *Breast*.

But see! — The Scene of *Grief* is clos'd,
And all our *Discords* are compos'd :
All our unquiet *Murmurs* cease,
Sooth'd by the calm Return of *Peace*.
Transporting *Hope*, and gay *Delight*,
Happy Events, and Prospects *bright*,
Extended to our Views appear,
And swell the wondrous, coming *Year*.
Kind *Heaven*, with Pity on our *Isle*,
Once more propitious seems to *smile*;
Once more to *Britain* has restor'd
Britain's long-absent, wish'd-for *Lord*.

From *Belgia's* Coasts, great GEORGE is come,
To fix *Tranquility* at home;

The

The publick *Losses* to retrieve,
 And bid the publick *Credit* live;
 To terminate domestick *Broils*,
 And stop the Course of *legal* Spoils;
 In solemn *Councils* to preside,
 To crush the base *Director's* Pride,
 And stem the threat'ning *South-Sea* Tide.

Thus *Jove* of old, Almighty *Jove*,
 Leaving his happier Realms above,
 Was wont with his Ætherial Train,
 To cross the wide tempestuous Main,
 And dwell on *Æthiopia's* Plain.
 But soon as universal Cares,
 And Heaven's eternal State-Affairs,
 Perplex'd the *lesser Deities*,
 With haste he rose from mortal Eyes,
 To meet the *Senate* of the *Skies*.





*A Letter of Thanks from the UNIVERSITY
of CRACOW to their SOVEREIGN,*

WE of *Cracow* the *Chancellour* and the *Vice-Can*,
With the *Doctors* and *Masters* all to a Man,
Assembled in Form, have sent trusty *Ned Whist*,
(The last enrolled *Slave* in our * *Almanack-List*,)
With *Orders* to give you, *Sir*, to understand
That a *Letter* signed G—— is safe come to hand;
Which

* See the *Oxford Almanack* for the Year 1724, and an Address of Thanks for a Professorship of Modern History in the same Year.

Which having been over and over *perus'd*,
 Your *Present* was near upon being *refus'd*;
 But after a grave and maturer *Debate*,
 We, moved thereunto by Reasons of *State*,
 Came at length to agree, one and all, 'twou'd be better
 To take it, and seem thus to *thank* you by *Letter*.
 This done, *Sir*, we hope you are herewith content,
 Since farther than this nothing by us is meant :
 Our Minds we speak plain, without flatt'ring *Preamble*,
 Not skilled, like our *Sister* of *Cam*, to *dissemble* :
 We scorn to profess the least loyal *ffection*
 To one who against our *Wills* gives us *Protection* ;
 Neither wish *we*, nor pray we for *Princes* at home,
 Having sent all our *Prayers*, and our *Wishes* to *Rome*.
 Assure yourself, therefore, you ever shall find
 We ever shall *bate* you, be you ever so *kind* ;
 In Token hereof our *Names* we conceal,
 But send you these *Presents* under our *Seal*.





E P I L O G U E.

To a Play before the FREE-MASONS.

Design'd to have been spoken by Mrs. —

WELL, *Heavens* be praised ! the mighty *Secret's* out,

The *Secret* that has made so strange a *Rout* :

This Moment I was taught — behind the *Scenes* —

What every *Word*, and *Sign*, and *Token* means.

A charming *Secret* ! — but I must conceal it —

If *Time* — at nine Months End — does not reveal it.

Q₂

What

What monstrous, horrid *Lies* do some *Folks* tell us !
 Why *Masons*, *Ladies*, are quite clever *Fellows* ;
 They're *Lovers* of *our Sex*, as I can witness,
 Nor e'er act contrary to * *moral Fitness*.
 If any of ye doubt it, try the *Masons*,
 They'll not deceive your largest *Expectations* :
 Let no misgrounded *Apprehensions* seize ye,
 They wont do any thing that can *displease* ye ;
 They're able *Workmen*, and compleatly skilled in
 The truest *Arts*, and *Mysteries* of *Building* ;
 They'll build up *Families* — and as most fit is,
 Not only will *erect* — but *people* — *Cities* :
 They'll *fill*, as well as *fabricate* your *Houses*,
 And propagate a *Race* of strong-built *Spouses*.
 If such their *Gifts*, such, *Ladies*, is their *Merit*,
 So great their *Skill*, and *Strength*, and *Life*, and
 Spirit,

What

* Alluding to *Chubb's Essay* — so intitled.

What Female *Heart* can be so very hard,
As to *refuse* them — their deserv'd *Reward*?

Once on a Time, (as heathen *Stories* say,)
Two Mason-Gods to *Troy-Town* took their Way;
Arriv'd, and hir'd to Work — to work they fell—
Hard was their *Task*, but *executed* well;
With more than human Strength, these heav'nly
Powers

Rais'd the impregnable *Dardanian* Towers,
Those *Towers* which long secured the *Trojan Dames*
From *Græcian* Ravishers, and *Græcian* Flames:
Gratis they did it — whatsoe'er was done —
Wrong'd of their *Pay* by King *Laomedon*;
Base, fordid Soul, of *Princes* the *Disgrace* —
But *Heav'n* his *Guilt* aveng'd upon his *Race*;
Most justly did his *Troy* at length expire,
Reduced to *Ashes* by vindictive *Fire*.

Ladies, this Story's written for your *Learning*,
Let *Troy's* Example fright you all from burning;

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Let it this *Truth* in every *Breast* inspire
That every *Workman*'s worthy of his *Hire* :
But sure such *Virtue* in the present Age is,
None will defraud the *Brethren* of their *Wages* ;
None will transgress the Laws of *common Sense*,
Which give both Sexes — due *Benevolence* :
A *Mason*'s full Reward then do not grudge,
Since every *Mason* is your humble *Drudge*.





*Ad H. S. Equitem, mortem bubonis sui
Nervegensis insolabiliter mœrentem.*

QUIS desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis? Plangat *Hibernicæ*
Solers musa lyræ: Consonet *Albion*,
Et planctu reboet gravi.

Ergo mors rapuit delicias tuas
Bubonem niveum, *Palladis* alitem?
Cui *Pallas*ve dolens, cuive *Venus* soror
Quando ullum inveniet parem?

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam tibi, *Eques bone*,
Tu frustra pius, & jam pretio & prece,
Frustra poscis avem *Deos*.

Quod si auras ululans quæstibus impleas,
 Auditum & cieas *Norvegiâ* sonum,
 Non vanæ redeat sanguis imagini,
 Quam *Styx* irremeabilis,

Et *Ditis* cohibent regna silentia,
 Unde non revolat transfuga penniger.
 Durum : Sed levius fit *patientiâ*
 Quicquid corrigere est *nefas*.





An EXTEMPORE RHAPSODY.

*Occasion'd by some Compliments paid to the
AUTHOR on a Poem he had publish'd.*

NOT more elate some low-bred Clown,
Mayor Elect of Country Town —
Not Miss — in taudry Mantua dight,
Nor Poet — on a Third Good Night ;
Nor Master — in his first fine Breeches —
Than I — with Complimental Speeches,
Which from all Parts my Ears assail,
And pelt my Modesty like Hail:
No longer can resisted be
The Force of such Artillery ;

Fame-

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Fame-proof till now — I *yield*, I *yield* —
Own all her *Charms*, and quit the *Field* —
Proud of my poor *Poetic Scraul*
As any *Witling* of 'em *All*;
As much a *Slave* to empty *Praise*,
As ever *fought* — or wore the *Bays*.



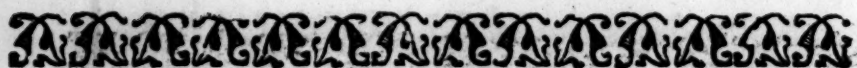


A R E C I P E *sent to a young L A D Y at*
B A T H.

T A K E such a *Youth* as will your *Fancy* please,
Survey him first — and *That* will give some
Ease —

Let *Grace* be said — put on your wonted *Charms* —
At Pleasure then *dissolve* him in your *Arms*.





A N S W E R.

YOUR Advice, Mr. *Doct̃or*, my *Fancy* to
please,

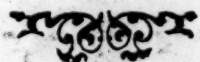
Will rather *increase* than *abate* my *Disease*;

Such a *Youth*, as you mention, I cannot find out,

Yet survey all the *Beaux* as they *saunter* about;

Till my *Brains*, like the Sails of a *Windmill*, turn
round,

And I die for a *Med'cine* which cannot be *found*.





E P I T A P H

*On Mr. WILL. JEPHISON, Gardiner to
the late KING.*

UNDER this wicker'd *Turf* and *Stone*,
(Not without *Hopes*,) lies *Jephison* ;
A Lover of good *Wine* and *Ale*,
Of *Brandy*, and *October stale* :
His *Body* and his *Mind* were great,
He freely *thought*, and freely *eat*.
To *Tories* he was still a *Foe* ;
As still the *best of Men* are so :

He

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He scorn'd the *Churchman's* formal *Pride*,
 And all his boasted Power defied :
 Untouch'd by *Grief*, exempt from *Cares*,
 And little vers'd in *State-Affairs*,
 The *Garden* was his Scene of *Life*,
 A Scene of *Quiet*, not of *Strife* :
 To beautify rude Nature's *Face*
 With every artful, pleasing *Grace* ;
 To teach the *Thickets* how to grow ;
 To shew the *Rivers* where to flow ;
 To give each *Plant* and *Shrub* its Place,
 Most fit for *Order* and *Increase* ;
 To stamp *Elysium* on each *Field*,
 No Mortal e'er was better *skilled*.

Ye *Laurels* low, and *Pine-trees* tall,
 Mourn his untimely, sudden *Fall* :
 Mourn him ye *Cypresses* and *Firs*,
 Mourn him ye *Grass-plots* and *Parterres*.

But

But, Oh! ye wild, and barren *Plains*,
Where desert *Space*, and *Horror* reigns;
Ye *Weeds*, and *Brambles* which abound,
And with curs'd *Plenty* load the *Ground*;
Ye *Tories*, with your worthless *Race*,
And all that's Nature's foul *Disgrace*,
Be glad at *Jephison's* Decease.

}





A S O N G.

I.

IF there be
Joy for *Me*
More than That of *Roving*,
'Tis a *Wife*,
During *Life*,
Dearly lov'd — and loving.

II.

Glorious *Prize* !
Wou'd she rise —
To this one *Endeavour*
Luck be true,
Then — *Adieu* !
Lotteries for ever.

ANO-



A N O T H E R.

I.

WHEN *Venus*, by *Anchises* woo'd,
Contriv'd to make him fully blest'd,
She seem'd a *Mortal*—when pursu'd—
But prov'd a *Goddeß*—when possess'd.

II.

Succeeding *Beauties*, her *Design*
Unhappily revers'd, discover
Before *Enjoyment* — all *Divine* —
No more than *Women*—when 'tis over.





On the ESSAYS *on* MAN.

THE fam'd *Essays on Man*, in this agree —
 That so Things *are* — and therefore *so*
shou'd be —

The *Proof inverted* wou'd be stronger far;
 So they *should be* — and therefore *so they are*.





An EXTEMPORE SOLILOQUY,

*Occasion'd by seeing a Family Vault be-
longing to his Grace the D--- of —*

THO' *first* in earliest *Annals* shine
The *Worthies* of your Grace's *Line*,
Tho' countless *Sums* your *Coffers* fill,
And puzzel'd *Heralds* scarce can tell
The *Titles* that your 'Scutcheon swell:
Tho' on your *Breast*, the glitt'ring *Star*,
Tho' in your *Hand*, the *Staff* appear,
While fifty *Suitors* crouching wait,
And croud each *Morn* your *Rooms* of *State*,

}

Tho' *All* that's rare in *Greece* or *Rome*,
 Combine t'enrich your gilded *Dome* ;
 Where *Titian's* *Fancy* — *Raphael's* *Art* —
 And *Guido's* *Air* — each *Grace* impart —
 Where, ceaseless, we, admiring, stand,
 The *Labours* of the *Sculptor's* *Hand* ;
 Which *Life* to long-lost *Patriots* give ;
 And bid the mimic *Marble* live :
 Tho', in *Historic* *Metal* shine,
 The *Heroes* of the *Julian* *Line* ;
 Tho' *Wine*, and *Love*, and *Musick* fire,
 And crown each *Wish* — each gay *Desire* —
 Tho' in your *Woods* proud *Columns* rise,
 And seem to emulate the *Skies* —
 Tho' far-stretch'd *Vista's* tire the *Sight*,
 Your *Terrasse* swell—a *Mountain's* *Height* !
 While all that's *Grand* — or simply *neat* —
Elyzium stamps upon your *Seat* ;

Hither

Hither, at length — your *Grace* must come —
And *moulder* in the silent *Tomb* —
The *Sum* of all this *Pomp* and *State*
Sbrunk into One, poor, fordid *Plate*,
Which taught to *flatter* shall declare —
The High and Mighty Prince — lies *here*.





A R I D D L E.

By Dr. S——t.

Versified.

Y O U ask a *Story* not more *strange* than *true* ;
 Nor must I hide it from a *Friend* like *you* :
 Without *Disguise* my wretched *Lot* behold,
 In all its *Train* of *Circumstances* told :
 And tho', perhaps, what I shall first advance
 May make the *Whole* resemble a *Romance*,
 A solemn *Truth* it is — no *Whim*, nor *Jest* —
 Which, if you please — the *Parson* shall attest.

Know then, dear Sir, my present *Situation*
 Is in a small and sorry *Habitation* ;

Ill fitted up, and fenc'd — upon the *Waste*,
Like other Clay-built *Cottages*, 'tis plac'd —
In this poor *Hut* I breathe with *Care* and *Pain*,
And what is harder, if I durst complain,
One Minute's *Warning* turns me out again. }

Held by a sort of *Copy*, it appears
An easy *Bargain* for the *First Seven Years* :
For, free from *Rent*, I only then resort,
As bound in *Duty*, to the *Mannor Court* :
Where once a *Week*, or more, to *Custom* true,
My *Landlord* claims the *Suit* and *Service* due,

The Twenty following Years require—a *Rose*—
In annual *Payment* to my worst of *Foes*.
My next *Acknowledgement* is stranger still ;
For soon, or later, at my *Landlord's Will*,
Each Third, or Second Year, or oftner yet,
A *Tooth*—discharges my unwelcome *Debt* ;

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And when to answer more *Demands* I fail,
 A meagre *Catchpole* hurries me to *fail*;
 No *Miscreant*, so remorseless, ever tore
 Thy *Journals*, *Fog*! — or knock'd at *Franklin's*
Door.

In Days of Old, on better *Terms* than *These*
 I might have occupy'd the *Premises*,
 Ere a false *Step*, my fond *Great Grandfire* made,
 Warp'd by a wheedling *Wife*, their *Race* betray'd.
 An *Orchard* to the *Mannor House* adjoin'd,
 Rich in delicious *Fruit* of every *Kind*:
 In robbing *This* the graceless *Pair* was caught,
 By a bad *Neighbour* to their *Ruin* taught:
 For by that *Slip*, without retrieve, was lost
 A certain *Privilege*—they once cou'd *boast*;
 And from the *Hour* when they were turn'd *adrift*
 Their hapless *Line* have made this woful *Shift*!

However

However, rubbing onward as I may,
I spare no Pains to patch my *House* of *Clay*,
And keep it in a *Tenantable* way.

}

A little *Kitchin* serves to dress my *Fare*,
Shap'd like an *Oven*, rather *round*, than *square* :
My *Garrets* poorly furnish'd, I may load,
Perhaps, too much, with *Lumber A-la-mode*.
To this low *State* uncomfortably ty'd,
Well as I can, for *Rent-Day* I provide ;
That when my *Term*, (as soon it must,) shall cease,
My Gracious *Lord*—may sign a full *Release*.

When I am outed, a mean creeping *Race*,
Doom'd to *succeed* me, have bespoke the *Place* ;
Where they are sure to multiply amain,
Triumphant o'er their *Foe* — in * *Abchurch Lane*.

Mean

* *Moor* — a famous *Worm-Powder Doctor*.

Mean while this *Lodge*, or call it what you please,
Has one snug *Hole*, contriv'd for *Warmth* and *Ease* :
On the *left Side* of my *Abode* it lies,
And for my *Friends* a resting Place supplies ;
This to your *Use* with *Pleasure* I resign ;
Yours is the *Lodging*, while the *House* is *mine*.





A LILLIPUTIAN ELEGY

*On a fav'rite CAT — suppos'd to have
been poisoned.*

Nulli febilior.

STATELIEST of the *Tabby* Race!

Let this *Verse* thy *Ashes* grace;

Let these plaintive *Numbers* tell

Lov'd you liv'd — lamented fell —

Sadly — pleasing while they flow,

Not too *high* — nor yet too *low* —

Partial, cruel *Stroke* of *Fate*!

Short to *Worth* like *Yours* the *Date*,

Much

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Much too short the scanty *Line*
 Of *Twenty Lives* — instead of * *Nine* —
 But by envious *Fortune* curst,
 Still the *Worthiest*—go the *First*.
Jacob, late the *Great*, the *Good*,
 Treach'rous *Ratsbane* has subdu'd;
 Stiff and motionless does lie
 All of *Jacob* that cou'd die;
 Ruthless, dreadful *poisoning Trade*!
 Luckless *Hand* the *Poison* laid!
Muse assist me to deplore
 What must never joy me more,
 Help to count his *Virtues* o'er.
 Ever *watchful* of his *Prey*,
 Wisely *grave* ——— discreetly *gay* ———
 Not too *lean* ——— nor yet too *fat* ———
 Something more than *mortal Cat*;

Had

* 'Tis a common Saying that a *Cat* has *Nine Lives*.

Had his *Life's* protracted *Scene*
Equal to his *Virtues* been ;
Not too *short* — nor yet too *tall* —
Mourn *Grimalkins*, great and small !
Caterwauling, Oh ! forbear —
Mew around his silent *Bier* —
All that *Cat* can boast lies *There*.
Ever friendly — ever free —
Foe to *None* — but *Foes* to *Me* —
Noble was his outward *Mien*,
Such as was his *Mind* within ;
Rare *Perfections* ! ah ! how *frail* —
Not the *Ringlets* round his *Tail*,
Trailing *graceful*, as he mov'd,
Cou'd redeem the *Puffs* I lov'd :
Glossy *Ringlets*, once his *Pride*,
Pencil'd down each *brindled Side* ;
Sable *Marks*, so lovely *sleek*,
Waving o'er each downy *Cheek* —
Then his large, his *Gooseb'ry Eyes*,
Emulating *Juno's* Size ;

Then

Then his *Ears* — but *Ears* he'd none —
 They, alas! were *cropt* and *gone*!
 On my *Table* he wou'd fit,
 Ah! methinks — I see him yet —
 Quick the fav'ry *Morsel* seizing,
 Ever *hungry* — ever *pleasing* —
 How *content*, and *blest*'d was I,
 When my lambent *Puffs* was by!
 Fond to *stroke* his velvet *Furr*,
 See him *blink* — and hear him *Purr* —
 While he sat upon my *Knee*,
 Gently sipping *Cream* and *Tea*.

Must such *Majesty* expire,
 Never more to *grace* my *Fire*,
 Nor with sure — prefaging * *Tail*
Storms to bode of *Snow* or *Hail*;

Never

* 'Tis remark'd that *Cats* turn their *Rumps* to the *Fire* against
Cold Weather —

Never more, with wanton *Play*,
Moping *Spleen* to drive away;
Ever still to be *deplor'd*,
Faithful *Guest* at *Bed* and *Board*!

Rats and *Mice*, henceforth, go free,
Work your wicked *Will* for me;
Puss—your *Dread*,—now turn'd to *Clay*,—
Rats and *Mice* — keep *Holiday*!





The JUDGMENT of APOLLO.

*On the Controversy between Mr. POPE and
Mr. THEOBALD 1729.*

IN *Pope's* melodious Verse—the *Graces* smile;
In *Theobald*—is display'd sagacious Toil;
The *Critic's* Ivy crowns his subtle Brow,
While in *Pope's* Numbers Wit and Musick flow.
These Bards (so Fortune will'd) were mortal Foes,
And all *Parnassus* in their Quarrel rose:
This the dire Cause of their unbounded Rage —
Who best could blanch dark *Shakespear's* blotted Page.

Apollo

Apollo heard, and weigh'd each Party's *Plea*,
Then thus *pronounc'd* th' immutable *Decree*;
Theobald, 'tis *Thine* — to *shew* what *Shakespear* writ --
But *Pope* shall reign *supreme* — in *Poesy* and *Wit*.





On Dr. W I L M O T, M. D.

WITH doubtful Strife, *Humanity* and *Art*,
For *Conquest* vie, in *Wilmot's* Head and Heart.

On his lov'd Son *Apollo* did bestow
The healing *Pow'r*, and *Words* to soften *Woe*.
With sympathizing *Eyes*, and tender *Mind*,
He views the *Maladies* of *Human* kind;
Reprieves the languid *Patient* from the *Grave*,
While *Pity* sooths — whom *Med'cine* cannot save.





A S O N G.

I.

I DID but *look*, and *love* a-while —
'Twas but for one *half Hour*;
Then — to *resist* — I had no *Will* —
And *now* — I have no *Pow'r*.

II.

To *Wish* and *Sigh* is all my *Ease*,
Such *Sighs* as *Heat* impart,
Enough to *melt* the *coldest she*,
Yet cannot *warm* your *Heart*.

III.

Oh ! grant me a fond *Lover's Part* —
One *Corner* of your *Breast* ;
There I shall learn the winning *Art*,
And quickly *steal* the *rest*.



NOTHING



N O T H I N G.

Inscrib'd to Mr. J. B——s.

Gaudes Carminibus, Carmina possumus

Donare ——

HOR. L. iv. ODE 8.

N O *Muses*, I implore, their *Aid* to bring,
He needs no *Muse*, who *Nothing* has to sing :
Your *Favour*, B——s, and your *Attention* lend ;
Pardon the *Poet*, and protect the *Friend* :
Nothing accept — tho' small the *Present* seem —
The *Wise* have *Nothing* highly in *Esteem* :
Those *Greek* and *Roman Bards*, of old admir'd,
Who with *Poetic Rapture* nobly fir'd,

To ev'ry *Theme*, their *Genius* knew t'apply,
 And drank the *Heliconian Fountain* dry,
 Left *Nothing* — to be sung in *Times* to come ;
Nothing — escap'd the *Wits* of *Greece* and *Rome*.
 When, *Foes* to *Science*, *Goths* deform'd the *Age*,
 And ravag'd *Italy* with barb'rous *Rage* ;
 When all *Things* good and great *one* *Ruin* shar'd,
Nothing — by *Goths* was honour'd, *Nothing* — spar'd,
Nothing, in *War*, is sacred — and we see
Nothing, secure, in *Peace*, with *France's* *Guaranty*,

Happy the Man of *Nothing* is possest,
 No dire *Alarms* disturb his *nightly Rest* :
 He sleeps in *Peace*, who knows no *Danger* near,
 And travels ev'ry *Road*, without a *Fear*.
 No long litigious *Suits* his *Ease* molest ;
 No *Cares* of *Wealth* distract his peaceful *Breast* :
 No *Noise*, nor *Hurry* of the *Town* he knows,
 But silent lives in undisturb'd *Repose* :
 Nor swell'd with *Hopes*, nor tofs'd with anxious *Fears*,
 Like a calm *Stream*, serenely roll his *Years* ;

And

And when, *untroubled*, all his *Days* are past,
Who *Nothing* has to leave, securely draws his *Last*.

Nothing t'admire — *Philosophers* profess
To be the only Way to * *Happiness*:
And He who *Nothing* knew — was the most *Wise* —
Or the Great *Oracle* of *Phæbus* lies.
By knowing *Nothing*, (learnt with perfect *Ease*)
Each *prating Fool* becomes — a *Socrates*.
All other *Arts* now flourish, now decay,
This *Learning* spreads, and prospers ev'ry *Day*;
To this our *Youth* apply with early *Zeal*,
To shine at *Court*, and serve the *Common-Weal*.
Who *Nothing* learn, grow *Noble*, *Rich*, and *Great*,
In *Senates*, *Councils*, *Army*, *Church*, and *State*.

S 4

Immor-

* Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere & servare beatum.

Immortal *Newton* ! tho' thy tow'ring *Mind*
 Travers'd the *Worlds* of *Knowledge* unconfin'd ;
 Saw where the secret *Springs* of *Science* rise,
 And measur'd o'er the *Earth*, and *Seas*, and *Skies* ;
 Cours'd all the *Stars*, and trac'd the *Source* of *Light*,
 And still to *unknown Regions* wing'd its *Flight* ;
 Great *Shade* ! not boundless was thy daring *View*,
 For *Nothing* — mock'd thy *Search* — *Nothing* — was
 hid from *You*.

See ! where the learned *Alchymists* explore
Nature's hid *Force*, and try the shining *Ore* ;
 Enwapt in *Clouds* of *Hope*, and *Smoke*, they tire
 The stubborn *Brass*, and ply the tort'ring *Fire* :
 Who big with *Expectation* Night and Day ;
 Melt all their *Time*, and all their *Lands* away ;

Of

Of all this *Charge*, and *Toil*, compute the *Gains* —
Nothing — excites their *Hopes* — *Nothing* — rewards
their *Pains*,

Nothing — the *Grand Elixir* sought of Old —
Transmutes all baser *Metals* into *Gold*.

Nothing — is fairer than the *Morning Light* —
When the new *Beams* first strike the ravish'd *Sight* :
Nothing — is milder than the *Western Breeze*,
Temp'ring the *Summer's Heat*, and whisp'ring thro'
the *Trees* :

Nothing's more welcome than th' Approach of *Spring*,
That makes all *Nature* smile, the whole *Creation*
sing,

But while I try to raise the wond'rous *Tale*,
I feel my *Language* faint, my *Numbers* fail.

Far

Far as the *Earth*, and *Air*, and *Seas* extend,
Nothing's without *Beginning*, without *End*.
 Beyond the *Universe* — *Nought* — finds a Place;
 While *Nothing* — fills the mighty *Void* of *Space*.
 On *Nothing* — turn the lucid *Orbs* above,
 And all the *Stars* in mystic *Order* move.
 On *Nothing* — hangs this vast *Terraqueous Ball* —
 The *World* — from *Nothing* sprang — From *No-*
thing — started *All*.





On the DEATH of the late Queen

CAROLINE.

A POETICAL DIALOGUE *between*
WINDSOR *and* RICHMOND.

W I N D S O R.

SAY, *Sister Sylvan Scene*, so lov'd, so late
The fav'rite Mansion of the *Good and Great* !
Who to thy *Shades*, by soft engaging *Art*,
Knew best to win our *Royal Mistress' Heart*;
Say, — while I try each sadly-pleasing *Lay*
To cheat the painful, ling'ring *Hours* away,

Wilt

Wilt Thou thro' all the deep *Distress* attend,
 Mix *Sigh* with *Sigh*, and social *Sorrows* blend;
 Till both our *Griefs* in kind *Contention* flow,
 And make a friendly *Rivalship* in *Woe*?

R I C H M O N D.

See the *Sun* wake, as thro' the *East* he streams,
 Yon * *Memnon's Statue*, with his rising *Beams*;
 See the same *Marble*, his bright *Journey* done,
 Weep, in cold *Dews*, th' enliv'ning *Influence* gone;
 So when by *Contemplation* led, alone,
 (Forgot a-while the *Splendors* of a *Throne*)
 The fair *Recluse*, in *Innocence* array'd,
 Pierc'd my thick *Gloom*, and fought the secret *Shade*;
 The

A *Statue* of *Memnon*, made by the *Ægyptians* with such Art,
 of hard *Marble*, that a *Lute*, which it held in its Hand, wou'd,
 at *Sun-rising*, strike up of itself. — Hence —

Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ.

JUVENAL Sat. 15. v. 4.

The *Muse*, observant of her *Steps*, has rais'd
A nobler *Strain*, and kindled as she gaz'd;
Now, sad, and pensive, does her *Loss* deplore;
Hangs o'er her *Lute*, and tunes her *Voice* no more;
From each gay *Spot* its wonted *Beauties* fly,
And thro' my *Caves* the plaintive *Ecchoes* die.

W I N D S O R.

What *Aid* to Mighty *GEORGE* can I impart,
While the big *Anguish* rends his bleeding *Heart*?
Unable, now, my *Martial Scenes* to please,
Or give the Royal, widow'd *Mourner* Ease;
My rising *Tow'rs*, that glitter in the *Sun*,
My *Trophies*, by so many *Heroes* won,
Th' emblazon'd *Banner*, and effulgent *Star*,
With ev'ry shining *Circumstance* of *War*.

RICH-

R I C H M O N D.

To my cool *Grottoes* oft she wou'd repair,
 T'inhale deep *Knowledge* with the *vernal Air* ;
 Musing retir'd within the silent *Wood*,
 Conversing with the *Learned, Wise, and Good* ;
 Or studying *Arts*, by Godlike *Sages* taught,
 To calm the *Passions*, and enlarge the *Thought* ;
 Whether, with *Newton*, her deep-piercing Eye
 Explor'd the *Secrets* of the boundless *Sky*,
Worlds beyond *Worlds* —— and searching *Nature's*
 Laws,
 Look'd thro' the *Work*, and saw th' *Eternal Cause*—
 Or more *abstruse*, her keener *Mind* descry'd
 Where the nice *Limits, False* from *True* divide—
 While Rival *Sages* her *Decision* wait,
 To solve some subtle *Point* of high *Debate*.

The brightest *Seat* of *Carolina's* Pow'r
 Was in the *Covert* of the silent *Bow'r* ;

Super-

*Superior to the Pomp of Britain's Throne,
In Arts she reign'd unrival'd, and alone;
Wide, as th' extensive Field of Knowledge lies,
Th' ambitious Heroine spread her Victories;
Each distant Realm she pass'd in Triumph o'er,
All the known World subdu'd, and wept for more!*

W I N D S O R.

Oft did Great *Brunswick* from her *Smile* receive
More solid *Comfort* than a *Throne* cou'd give;
Truth there *enshrin'd*, beam'd forth more glorious

Rays

Than the *Gold's Lustre*, or the *Diamond's Blaze*;
Her *Heart* partook, and eas'd the *Monarch's Cares*,
That *Heart*, sav'd all for *Him*, from *early Years* —
Of soft *Affections* a more lovely *Train*,
A gentler *Guard*, there *blest'd* his happier *Reign*.

RICH-

R I C H M O N D.

Here cease our *Plaints* — an op'ning *Prospect*
 shews

Some friendly *Hours* will come to heal our *Woes*.
 Still shall your *Forests* bloom — my *Groves* shall smile —
 And our *Names* flourish thro' *Britannia's* Isle;
 Still in thy *Shades*, some Branch of *Brunswick's* Line,
 For *Britain's* Good, shall plan the *Great Design*;
 Some *Carolina* — diff'ring but in *Name*,
 And, (but, perhaps, *Augusta* call'd) the *same* —
 Shall in *these Groves* th' Immortal *Wreaths* prepare,
 And gather all her choicest *Laurels* here.





A SOLILOQUY. Anno 1730.

———i, *demens*, & *sevas curre per Alpes*
Ut pueris placeas, & declamatio fias. Juv.

B *E gone ! I know the vain Deceit—*
You shall not *tempt* me to be great,
Nor *bribe* me with your *Tinsel Bliss*,
To give up solid *Happiness* ;
I value *Peace* and *Virtue* more
Than all the *Tagus*' shining *Ore* ;
Virtue and *Peace*, that rarely come
To the proud *Hall*—or gilded *Dome*—
But *deign* with social *Joy*s to *blefs*,
And *shed* their *Sweets* on my *Recess*.

T

Ignoble,

Ignoble, let it be—and *poor*—
 Not to *amass* an endless *Store*
 Of *fordid Pelf*—and mad for *Fame*—
 Quit *Faith* and *Honour* for a *Name* ;
 To vulgar *Breath* my *Glory* owe,
 And *court* what giddy *Crouds* bestow ;
 For *Hire*, let out my *venal Tongue* ;
 Take *Pay*, to *prove* that *right* is *wrong* ;
 Or *basely prostitute* my *Pen*,
 To *deify* the *worst* of *Men*,
 Set off their *Acts* to publick *View*,
 And give them great *Godolphin's Due*.

By such vile *Arts* let *Others* rise ;
 Teach me—oh teach me ! to be *wise*,
 And *all*, but *Love* and *Truth*, *despise*.
 Be *mine*—contented to *remain*
 Far from the *worthless*, and the *vain*—
 To *manage* well my little *Store*,
 No *Slave* to *Wealth*—nor *Tool* of *Pow'r*—
 Be *mine*—to hold my *Conscience* clear—
 Stranger, alike, to *Guilt*, and *Fear*.



THE following *Epistles* were published about four Years ago in the *Weekly Magazine*—a short-liv'd *Paper*, -- having, (with some other good *Things*,) the *Fate* to meet with but little *Encouragement*—As the *Pieces themselves* are *Standards* of *Purity* and *Elegance*, and probably have fallen into few *Hands*, I flatter myself that those *Judges* of *Poetic Harmony*, *Diction* and *Sentiment*, who may have met with 'em before, will allow me some *Merit* for giving them a *Place here*—*Those* who hitherto have not been so *fortunate*, will derive a *Pleasure* they don't usually meet with in *Works* of this *sort*; and I hope, on that very *Account*, gratefully *excuse* many *Pieces*, of a much inferior *Stamp*, inserted in this *Collection*.





To the Reverend Dr. Ayscough, at
O X F O R D.

Writ from Paris. Anno 1728.

S A Y, dearest *Friend*, how roll thy *Hours* away ?
 What pleasing *Study* cheats the tedious *Day* ?
 Dost thou the sacred *Volumes* oft explore
 Of wise *Antiquity's* immortal *Lore*,
 Where *Virtue*, by the *Charms* of *Wit* refin'd,
 At once exalts and polishes the *Mind* ?
 How diff'rent from our modern, guilty *Art*,
 Which *pleases* only, to corrupt the *Heart* ;
 Whose curst *Refinements* odious *Vice* adorn,
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn !

Dost

Dost thou, in sage *Historians*, joy to see,
How *Roman Greatness* rose with *Liberty*?
How the same *Hands*, that *Tyrants* durst controul,
Their *Empire* stretch'd from *Atlas* to the *Pole*;
Till *Wealth* and *Conquest* into *Slaves* refin'd
The proud, luxurious *Masters* of *Mankind*?
Dost thou, in letter'd *Greece* each *Charm* admire,
Each *Grace*, each *Virtue*, *Freedom* cou'd inspire,
Yet in her troubled *States* see all the *Woes*,
And all the *Crimes* that giddy *Faction* knows;
Till rent by *Parties*, by *Corruption* fold,
Or weakly *careless*, or too rashly *bold*,
She sunk beneath a mitigated *Doom*,
The *Slave*, and *Tutrefs* of protecting *Rome*?

Does calm *Philosophy* her *Aid* impart,
To guide the *Passions*, and to mend the *Heart*?
Taught by her *Precepts*, hast thou learnt the *End*
To which, alone, the *Wise* their *Studies* bend;

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To which, alone, by *Nature* were design'd
 The *Pow'r* of *Thought*—to benefit *Mankind*?
 Not like the cloyster'd *Drone*, to read and doze,
 In undeserving, undeserv'd *Repose*;
 But *Reason's* *Influence* to diffuse, to clear
 Th' enlighten'd *World* of ev'ry gloomy *Fear*;
 Dispel the *Mist* of *Error*, and unbind,
 Those pedant *Chains* that clog the free-born *Mind*.

Happy, who thus his *Leisure* can employ!
 He knows the purest *Hours* of tranquil *Joy*;
 Nor vex'd with *Pangs* that busier *Bosoms* tear,
 Nor less to social *Virtue's* pleasing *Care*;
 Safe in the *Port*, yet lab'ring to sustain
 Those who still float on the tempestuous *Main*.

So *Locke*, the *Days* of studious *Quiet*, spent;
 So *Boyle*, in *Wisdom*, found divine *Content*;

So

So *Cambray*, worthy of a happier *Doom*,
The virtuous *Slave* of *Louis*, and of *Rome* !

Good * *Wor'ster* that supports his drooping *Age*,
Far from *Court-Flatt'ry*, far from *Party-Rage* ;
He, who in *Youth* a *Tyrant's Frown* defy'd,
Firm and intrepid on his *Country's Side* —
Her boldest *Champion* then, and now her mildest
Guide —

O gen'rous *Warmth* ! O *Sanctity* divine !
To emulate his *Worth*, my *Friend*, be thine :
Learn, from his *Life*, the *Duties* of the *Gown* ;
Learn not to *flatter*, nor *insult* the *Crown* ;
Nor, basely servile, court the guilty *Great*,
Nor raise the *Church* a *Rival* to the *State* :
To *Error* mild, to *Vice* alone severe,
Seek not to spread the *Law* of *Love* by *Fear* ;

T 4

The

* *Dr. Hough.*

The *Priest*, who plagues the *World*, can never mend;
 No *Foe* to *Man*, was e'er to *God* a *Friend*;
 Let *Reason*, and let *Virtue*, *Faith* maintain,
 All *Force*, but *theirs*, is *impious*, *weak*, and *vain*.

Me other *Cares*, in other *Climes*, engage,
Cares that become my *Birth*, and suit my *Age*;
 In various *Knowledge* to improve my *Youth*,
 And conquer *Prejudice*, worst *Foe* to *Truth*;
 By foreign *Arts*, domestic *Faults* to mend,
 Enlarge my *Notions*, and my *Views* extend:
 The useful *Science* of the *World* to know,
 Which *Books* can never teach, or *Pedants* shew,

A Nation here I *pity* and *admire*,
 Whose noblest *Sentiments* of *Glory* fire;
 Yet taught by *Custom's Force*, and bigot *Fear*,
 To serve with *Pride*, and boast the *Yoke* they bear;
 Whose

Whose *Nobles*, born to cringe, and to command,
In *Courts* a mean, in *Camps* a gen'rous *Band*:
From *Priest* and *Tax-Jobber*, content, receive
Those *Laws*, their dreaded *Arms* to *Europe* give;
Whose *People*, vain in *Want*, in *Bondage* blest;
Tho' *plunder'd*, gay; industrious, tho' *oppress'd*;
With happy *Follies* rise above their *Fate*,
The *Jest* and *Envy* of each wiser *State*.

Yet here the *Muses* deign'd a-while to *sport*,
In the short *Sun-shine* of a fav'ring *Court*:
Here *Boileau*, strong in *Sense*, and sharp in *Wit*,
Who *from* the *Ancients*, like the *Ancients* writ;
Permission gain'd inferiour *Vice* to blame,
By lying *Incense* to his *Master's Fame*.
Here *Moliere*, first of *Comic Wits*, excell'd
Whate'er *Athenian Theatres* beheld;
By keen, yet decent *Satire*, skill'd to please,
With *Morals*, *Mirth* uniting, *Strength*, with *Ease*.

Now

Now charm'd I hear the bold *Corneille* inspire
 Heroic *Thoughts* with *Shakespear's* Force and Fire;
 Now sweet *Racine* with milder *Influence* move
 The soften'd *Heart* to *Pity* and to *Love*.

With mingled *Pain* and *Pleasure* I survey
 The pompous *Works* of Arbitrary *Sway*;
 Proud *Palaces* that drain'd a *People's* Store,
 Rais'd on the *Ruins* of th' Oppress'd and Poor;
 Where e'en mute * *Walls* are taught to flatter *State*,
 And painted *Triumphs* stile *Ambition* great.
 With more *Delight* † those pleasing *Shades* I view,
 Where *Condé* from an envious *Court* withdrew;
 Where, sick of *Glory*, *Faction*, *Power* and *Pride*,
 (Sure *Judge* how empty all, who all had try'd)
 Beneath his *Palms* the weary *Chief* repos'd,
 And *Life's* great *Scene* in quiet *Virtue* clos'd.

With

* The Victories of *Lewis XIV.* painted in the Galleries of *Verfailles*.

† *Chantilly*.

With *Shame* * that other fam'd *Retreat* I see,
Adorn'd by *Art*, disgrac'd by *Luxury*,
Where *Orleans* wasted ev'ry vacant *Hour*
In the wild *Riot* of unbounded *Pow'r* ;
Where feverish *Debauch*, and impious *Love*,
Stain'd the mad *Table*, and the guilty *Grove*.

With these *Amusements* is thy *Friend* detain'd,
Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign *Land* ;
Yet oft a tender *Wish* recalls my *Mind*
From present *Joys*, to dearer left behind ;
With *Thee* I long, in *Oxford's* silent *Wood*,
To trace the *Labours* of the *Wise* and *Good* ;
To paint, with *wonder* and *delight* renew'd,
Each rarer *Scene* my wand'ring *Eyes* have view'd ;
To

* *St. Cloud.*

To open all my *Mind's* collected *Store*,
 To tell the *Joy's* I felt, the *Pains* I bore;
Pains, which thy *Presence* wou'd have best allay'd,
 And *Joy's*, imperfect, by thy *Absence* made.

O *Native Isle*, fair *Freedom's* happy *Seat*!
 At *Thought* of *Thee*, my bounding *Pulses* beat;
 At *Thought* of *Thee*, my *Heart* impatient burns,
 And all my *Country* on my *Soul* returns:
 When shall I see thy *Fields*, whose plenteous *Grain*
 No *Pow'r* can raviſh from th' industrious *Swain*?
 When shall I kiſs the ſacred *Earth* that bore
 A *Ruſſel*, *Hambden*, *Sidney*, *Cecil*, *More*?
 When in the *Shade* of *Laws*, that long have ſtood
 Prop'd by their *Care*, or ſtrengthen'd by their *Blood*;
 Of fearleſs *Independence* wiſely vain,
 The proudeſt *Slave* of *Bourbon's Race*, diſdain?

Yet,

Yet, oh ! what *Doubts*, what sad prefaging *Voice*,
Whispers within, and bids me not *rejoice* ;
Bids me contemplate ev'ry *State* around,
From sultry *Spain*, to *Norway's* icy *Bound* ;
Bids their *lost Rights*, their ruin'd *Glories* see,
And tells me — *these*, like *England* — once were Free.





To Mr. POINTZ, *Ambassador at the*
Congress of SOISSONS. Anno 1728.

Written at PARIS.

O THOU, whose *Friendship* is my *Joy* and
Pride,

Whose *Virtues* warm me, and whose *Precepts* guide;
Thou, to whom *Greatness*, rightly understood,
Is but a larger *Pow'r* of doing *Good*;

Say, *Pointz*, amidst the *Toils* of anxious *State*,
Does not thy secret *Soul* desire *Retreat*?

Dost thou not *wish* (the *Task* of *Glory* done)
Thy busy *Life* at length might be *thy Own*;

That

That to thy lov'd *Philosophy* resign'd,
No *Care* might ruffle thy unbended *Mind*?
Just is the *Wish*; for all that *Heav'n* can give,
Or favour'd *Man* in *Recompence* receive,
Is to reflect at *Ease* on glorious *Pains*,
And calmly to enjoy what *Virtue* gains.

Not *Him* I praise, who from the *World* retir'd,
By no enliv'ning, gen'rous *Passion* fir'd,
On flow'ry *Couches* slumbers *Life* away,
And gently lets his active *Pow'rs* decay;
Who fears bright *Glory's* awful *Face* to see,
And shuns *Renown*, as much as *Infamy*:
But blest'd is *He*, who exercis'd in *Cares*,
To private *Leisure*, publick *Virtue* bears;
Who tranquil ends the *Race* he nobly run,
And decks *Repose* with *Trophies Labour* won:
Him *Honour* follows to the secret *Shade*,
And crowns, propitious, his declining *Head*:

In his *Retreats* their *Harps* the *Muses* string,
 For Him, in Lays unbought, spontaneous sing :
Friendship and *Truth* on all his *Moments* wait,
 Pleas'd with *Retirement* better than with *State* ;
 And round the *Bow'r*, where *humbly Great* he lies,
 Fair *Olives* bloom, or verdant *Laurels* rise !

So when thy *Country* shall no more demand
 The needful *Aid* of thy sustaining *Hand* ;
 When *Peace* restor'd, shall on her downy *Wing*
 Secure *Repose*, and careless *Leisure* bring ;
 Then to the *Shades* of learned *Ease* retir'd,
 The *World* forgetting, by the *World* admir'd,
 Among thy *Books*, and *Friends*, thou shalt possess
 Contemplative and quiet *Happiness* ;
 Pleas'd to review a *Life* in *Honour* spent,
 And painful *Merit* paid with sweet *Content*.
 Yet tho' thy *Hours* unclog'd with *Sorrow* roll,
 Tho' *Wisdom* calm, and *Science* feed thy *Soul*,

One greater *Bliss* remains to be possess'd
Which only can improve, and crown the *Rest*.

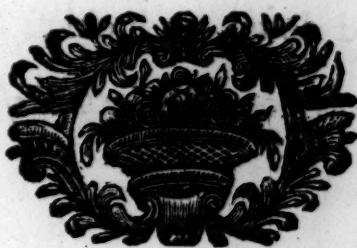
Permit thy *Friend* this *Secret* to reveal,
Which thy own *Heart*, perhaps, wou'd better tell;
All we can ask of Guardian *Pow'rs* above,
Is to be truly *lov'd*, and fondly *love* :
This is the *Charm* to smoothe the troubled *Breast*,
Friend to our *Health*, and *Author* of our *Rest*;
Bids ev'ry gloomy, vexing *Passion* fly,
And tunes each jarring *String* to *Harmony* :
E'en while I write, the Name of *Love* inspires
More pleasing *Thoughts*, and more enliv'ning *Fires*;
Beneath his *Pow'r* my raptur'd *Fancy* glows,
And ev'ry tender *Verse* more sweetly flows :
Dull is the *Privilege* of living free —
Our *Hearts* were never form'd for *Liberty* :
Some beauteous *Image*, well imprinted *there*,
Can best defend them from consuming *Care* ;

In vain to *Groves* and *Gardens* we retire,
 And *Nature*, in her *Rural Works*, admire ;
 Tho' grateful *These*, yet *These* but faintly charm —
 They may *delight* us, but can never warm.
 May some fair *Eye*, my *Friend*, thy *Bosom* fire,
 With pleasing *Pangs* of ever gay *Desire*,
 And *teach* thee that soft *Science*, which, alone,
 Still to thy searching *Mind* rests slightly *known*.
 Thy *Soul*, tho' great, is tender and refin'd,
 To *Friendship* sensible — to *Love* inclin'd —
 And therefore long thou canst not arm thy *Breast*
 Against the *Entrance* of so sweet a *Guest*.
 Hear what th' inspiring *Muses* bid me tell —
 For *Heav'n* shall ratify what *They* reveal.

A Chosen *Bride* shall in thy *Arms* be plac'd,
 With all th' attractive *Charms* of *Beauty* grac'd;
 Whose *Wit* and *Virtue* shall thy *Own* express,
 Distinguish'd only by their softer *Dress* :

Thy

Thy *Greatness* she, or thy *Retreat* shall share,
Sweeten *Tranquility*, or soften *Care* ;
Her *Smiles* the *Taste* of ev'ry *Joy* shall raise,
And add new *Pleasure* to *Renown* and *Praise* ;
Till charm'd, you own the *Truth* my *Versè* wou'd
 prove,
That *Happiness* is near ally'd to *Love*.





The WOLF *and the* CRANE.

PHÆD. Lib. I. Fab. 8.

A WOLF, on surreptitious *Mutton*,
 Laying about him like a *Glutton*,
 A *Bone* slipp'd down, in luckless *Season*,
 And stuck across poor *Isgrim's Wesen*'.

The *Savage* made a hideous *Clatter*,
 And all around, cry'd — What's the *Matter*?
 Quoth he — I've *eat* so plaguy *fast* —
 'That much I *fear* I've *eat* my *Last* —

A

A dev'lish *Bone* — look here — has got —
 And plac'd itself quite cross my *Throat* :
 Ah, Me ! I soon my *Life* must end,
 Unless some charitable *Friend*,
 Will quickly his *Assistance* lend ;
 For which, I freely will be bound
 To pay, at *Sight*, a *Thousand Pound* —
 Nay, I will give my *Note of Hand*,
 To pay him *All* he shall *Demand*.

A *Crane*, (of the obsequious *Sort*,
 Bred up — no doubt on't — in a *Court*)
 Hearing the *Savage* thus *importune*,
 Thought this the *Time* to make his *Fortune*,
 And, straight, with rash, but ardent *Zeal*,
 Whipp'd down his *Throat* a *Yard of Bill*,
 Which, in the *twinkling* of an *Eye*,
 A dang'rous *Cure* did well *apply*.
 Thus having set his *Patient* free,
 He, next, *demand*s the promis'd *Fee* ;

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The *Sum*, indeed, is not in *Proof* —
But — you may *swear* — he ask'd enough —

When thus the *Wolf* — ungrateful *Dog* !
Thou greedy, avaricious *Rogue* !
When *you*, but now, your *Skill* display'd,
On *Pain* and *Peril* of your *Head*,
Think, how your worthless *Life* I *spar'd*,
Nor dare to *hope* for more *Reward*.

The M O R A L.

THUS *Benefits*, when ill-confer'd,
Prove, but too oft, their own *Reward* :
Thus when we *serve* the *Proud* and *Vain*,
What we don't *lose*, must pass for *Gain*.





The SPARROW and the HARE.

PHÆD. Lib. I. Fab. 9.

L

A SPARROW, pert, and loud, and vain,
(*Sparrows are just like mortal Men*).

Observ'd an *Eagle* rending
With *Pounces* keen, a helpless *Hare* —
He heard her *Cries* of deep *Despair* —
For *vain* was all contending.

U 4

IL

II.

Sure *Friend*, you strangely hung an A—se,
 Or *This* cou'd ne'er have come to pass,
 Cries *He*, in taunting *Vein* —
 (An evil *Time* to crack his *Jokes*,
 Yet such the *Temper* of some *Folks*,
 Who *sport* with others *Pain*.)

III

Thou tim'rous, doating, senseless *Brute* !
 'Twas *well* thou wert so swift of *Foot*,
 Thus to be *snapp'd* and *taken* —
 'Twas *well* thou cou'dst *outstrip* the *Wind*,
 Leaving *Pursuers* far behind,
 Yet cou'dst not *save* thy *Bacon*.

IV.

IV.

A *Hawk*, (who long intent on *Prey*,
Had ey'd him from a neighb'ring *Spray*,
And dearly lov'd good *Eating*,)
At once, with *Talons* and with *Beak*,
Put the dry *Joker* to the *Squeak*,
Nor heeded loud *entreating*.

V.

'Tis some *Relief* to see Thee thus,
With falt'ring *Voice*, cries dying *Puffs* —
With *Joy* I hear Thee groan —
You, who at others *Ills* cou'd laugh,
Thinking *yourself* so wondrous *safe*,
Now, *justly*, weep your *Own*.



The HARES *weary of* LIFE.

Fab. 2. à M. GUDIO.

I.

IT chanc'd, some persecuted *Hares*,
Who long had liv'd in *Frights* and *Fears*,
 Resolv'd to play the *Stoic* ;
To *quit* this idle, troubled *Scene*,
And *be* — as if they 'd never *Been* —
 What cou'd be more *heroic* ?

II.

II.

What *Death* to die — bore some *Debate* —
Nor cou'd They soon agree on *That* ;
 (A doughty *Point*, you'll own :)
But having settled well the *main*,
And thought of many Ways in vain,
At last resolv'd to — *Drown*.

III.

To an adjacent *Pool* they haste,
Therein to *plunge*, and breathe their *Last* ;
 (No *Spur* the *Desp'rate* needs :)
The speckled *People* of the *Lake*,
Scar'd at the *Noise*, began to *quake*,
And *rush'd* among the *Reeds*,

IV.

IV.

Cries *One* (a most profound *Adept*,
 Who always *look'd* before he *leap'd*,)
Courage — my *Friends*! nor grieve —
 Since *Others*, as we plainly *see*,
 Have *Frights* and *Fears* as well as *We*,
 Let's e'en go *Home* — and *Live*.

The M O R A L.

THUS *soften'd* by our Neighbour's *Grief*,
Afflictions easier grow —
 No *Balm* so sure to give *Relief*
 As *Partnership* in *Woe*.



The FACTION. A TALE.

Anno 1740.

*Humbly address'd to the Right Honourable the
Earl of O——d.*

—— *Veluti magno in populo cum sæva coorta est
Seditio, &c.* —————

*Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus instant :
Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet.*

VIR. ÆN. L. I.

IN Ages past, when Men did prize
Their Freedom — as they did their Eyes —
In some far distant *Latin State*
(No matter whether *small* or *great*)

A sad *Dissention* there arose,
 (As *Greek* and *Roman* Story goes)
 So Universal the *Defection*,
 That all was ripe for *Insurrection* :
 The *Cause* of this same *civil Squabble*
 Which thus incens'd, my *Lords* — the *Rabble* —
 Was some *Excise-Scheme*, without doubt,
 Who shou'd be *in* — and who be *out* —
 Some *Seville Treaties*, and *Conventions*,
 Which gave 'em fearful *Apprehensions*,
 Left *Laws*, *Religion*, *Liberties*,
 Their *Harpy-Rulers* meant to seize ;
 Tho' the best *Authors* do aver,
 They had no *King* nor *Minister* :
Corruption grew the common *Cant* ;
Taxes were most exorbitant ;
Trade was as dead as it is now,
 And all things went — I know not how.

Fir'd with *Revenge*, the *Patriot-rout*
Beset the *Senate* round about ;
And vow'd they ne'er wou'd be at rest,
Till all their *Evils* were redress'd ;
Like chaste *Reformers*, bent to heal
The *Breaches* made in *Common-weal* ;
Soundly to purge the *Constitution*,
From all *State-Filth*, and vile *Pollution*.
Much *Art* and *Conduct* it did ask,
Well to perform so great a *Task* ;
But what so hard as to controul
The Purpose of a *Free-born* Soul ?
They meant to take, at all Adventures,
The shortest way with the *Dissenters* ;
Instead of endless *Litigations*,
And formal, dry *Examinations*,
Ten thousand Arguings, *pro and con*,
To prove what *A.* or *B.* had done ;

304 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

In close *Divan* it settled was,
 To serve 'em all the self-same *Sauce* ;
 Root out at once the spreading Evil,
 And drive 'em headlong to the *Devil* !
 Their delegated *Pow'r* resume,
 And set up *Others*, in their *Room*.

It chanc'd a *Man* of subtile *Parts*,
 Whose seeming *Zeal* had won their *Hearts*,
 Stood up — and, by this quaint *Device*,
 Appeas'd the *Tumult* in a *Trice*.

Sage Sirs, quoth he, pray lend an Ear —
 And wisely weigh what you shall hear.

Imprimis, then, I do allow
 That *Times* were ne'er so bad as *now* ;
 We've hardly *Shoes* upon our *Feet*,
 Our *Children* scarcely *Bread* to eat ;

And

And all to gorge the greedy *Maws*
Of *Those* who trample on our *Laws* ;
Who think that All was made for Them,
Whom no *Correction* can reclaim ;
Then, what inflames the *publick Curse*,
It ev'ry Day grows *worse* and *worse* :
Yet still, my *Friends* ! 'tis easier sure
To hit the Evil, than to Cure —
And a true *Proverb*, faith and troth !
The more the *Cooks* — the worse the *Broth* —
Therefore let Me alone advise ;
Be *cautious* — *resolute* — and *wise*.

All eager heard — their *Ears* did prick up —
So still — that None e'en dar'd to *bicc-up*.
When thus, in very solemn Fashion,
He *hemm'd* — and finish'd his *Oration*.

Let not o'er *Reason Wrath* preside,
Nor *Prejudice* your *Counsels* guide ;

Ever observe this Golden Rule ;
 And as you're *stout* — be *merciful* —
 If *Others* have abus'd their *Trust*,
 We shou'd *Ourselves* be strictly *Just* ;
 Nor, blindly, *Innocence* pursue
 With *Vengeance* that to *Guilt* is due ;
 Suppose amongst this num'rous *Band*,
 Of which you mean to purge the Land,
 There shou'd be *One*, with Conscience clear,
 Perhaps, as any *Patriot* here,
 You'd single him from out the *Herd*,
 And let the *Phœnix* be prefer'd ;
 Banish the rest — and, in their stead,
 Appoint some worthier to succeed —
 Now mark the Method I propose,
 Nicely to scan your *Friends* from *Foes* —
 The *Senators* whom you surround ;
 Are just like *Cattle* in a *Pound*,
 These, *One* by *One*, or *Two* by *Two*,
 Shall pass before you in *Review*,

And

And such, as by the gen'ral *Voice*,
Have basely wrong'd their Country's *Choice*,
Shall be discarded with *Disgrace*,
And *Others* nam'd to fill their *Place*.

Th' *Advice* was wond'rous Good and Fair,
And hit their *Humours* to a Hair;
But mark how wild are *Vulgar Notions* !
How vain are *Popular Commotions* !

The *Senators* — a guilty *Train* !
Were set at large, and, *Man by Man*,
Presented to these sage *Inspectors*,
These *State-Physicians* and *Directors*;
When, lo ! (as one too often finds)
So many *Men*, so many *Minds* ;
And 'twas more easily agreed
Who shou'd go *out* — than who *succeed* —

Each stiffly did his *Friend* propose;
 And each the Other did oppose;
 So that at length it came to *Blows*.
 The fancy'd Cause of all this Pother,
 They well reveng'd on one another;
 Till tir'd with *Bangs* and *Bloody Noses*,
 They All return'd to their own Houses:
 Fair *Peace* succeeds with *Olive-Bough*,
 And Things remain in *Statu-quo*.





An ODE to MANKIND.

ADDRESSED

To the PRINCE of WALES.

1741.

I.

IS there, or do the *Schoolmen* dream?

Is there on Earth a Pow'r supreme;

The *Delegate* of Heav'n?

To whom an uncontroul'd *Command*,

In ev'ry *Realm*, o'er *Sea* and *Land*,

By special *Grace* is giv'n?

X 3

II.

II.

Then say, what *Signs* this *God* proclaim?
 Dwells he amidst the *Diamond's* Flame,
 A *Throne* his hallow'd *Shrine*?
 The borrow'd *Pomp*, the arm'd *Array*,
Want, *Fear*, and *Impotence*, betray:
 Strange *Proofs* of *Pow'r* *Divine*!

III.

If *Service* due to *Human* Kind,
 To Men in slothful *Ease* reclin'd,
 Can form a *Sov'reign's* *Claim*:
 Hail *Monarchs*! ye, whom *Heav'n* ordains,
 Our *Toils* unshar'd, to share our *Gains*,
 Ye *Ideots*, *blind*, and *lame*!

IV.

IV.

Superior *Virtue*, *Wisdom*, *Might*,
Create and mark the *Ruler's Right*;
 So *Reason* must conclude:
Then thine it is, to whom belong
The *Wise*, the *Virtuous*, and the *Strong*,
 Thrice sacred *Multitude*!

V.

In *Thee*, great *All*! are these contain'd,
For *Thee* are these, thy *Parts*, ordain'd,
 So Nature's Systems roll:
The *Scepter's Thine*, if such there be;
If none there is, then *Thou* art *free*,
 And *Master* of the *Whole*.

VI.

Let the proud *Tyrant* rest his *Cause*
 On *Faith*, *Prescription*, *Force*, or *Laws*,
 An Host's or Senate's *Voice* !
 His Voice affirms thy stronger *Due*,
 Who for the *Many* made the *Few*,
 And gave the Species *Choice*.

VII.

Unsanctify'd by thy *Command*,
 Unown'd by Thee, the *scepter'd Hand*
Impels, but cannot *bind* :
Oaths but confirm where *Nature* ties,
 The forc'd or erring *Tongue* belies
 The unassenting *Mind*,

VIII.

VIII.

Thy *Will's* thy *Rule*, thy *Good* its *End*;
You *punish* only to *defend*
 What Parent *Nature* gave:
And He who dares her Gifts invade,
By *Nature's* oldest *Law* is made
 Thy *Victim*, or thy *Slave*.

IX.

Thus *Reason* founds her just *Decree*
On *Universal Liberty*,
 Not *private Rights* resign'd:
Thro' various *Nature's* wide *Extent*,
No *private Beings* e'er were meant
 To hurt the gen'ral *Kind*.

X.

Thee *Justice* guides, Thee *Right* maintains;
 Th' Oppressor's *Wrongs*, the Pilf'rer's *Gains*,
 Thy injur'd *Weal* impair.
 Thy warmest *Passions* soon subside;
 Nor partial *Envy*, *Hate*, nor *Pride*,
 Thy temper'd *Counsels* share.

XI.

Each Instance of thy vengeful *Rage*,
 Collected from each *Clime* and *Age*,
 Tho' *Malice* swell the *Sum*,
 Wou'd seem a spotless, scanty *Roll*,
 Compar'd with *Marius'* bloody *Scroll*,
 Or *Sylla's Hippodrome*,

XII.

XII.

But thine has been imputed *Blame*,
Th' unworthy *Few* assume thy *Name*,
The *Rabble* weak and loud ;
Or *Those* who on thy *Ruins* feast,
The *Lord*, the *Lawyer*, and the *Priest* ;
A more ignoble *Crowd*,

XIII.

Avails it *Thee*, if *One* devours,
Or lesser *Spoilers* share his *Pow'rs*,
While *Both* thy *Claim* oppose?
Monsters who wore thy fully'd *Crown*,
Tyrants who pull'd those *Monsters* down,
Alike to *Thee* were *Foes*.

XIV.

XIV.

Far other shone fair Freedom's *Band*,
 Far other was th' *Immortal Stand*,
 When *Hambden* fought for *Thee* :
 Thou snatch'd from *Rapine's* Gripe thy *Spoils*,
 The *Fruits* and *Prize* of glorious *Toils*,
 Of *Arts* and *Industry*.

XV.

'Gainst *Thee* yet foams the *Preacher's* Rage,
 'Gainst *Thee* is plann'd th' *Historian's* Page,
 A false, apostate *Train* !
Tears stream adown the *Martyr's* Tomb —
 Unpity'd in their harder *Doom*,
 Thy *Thousands* strow the *Plain*.

XVI.

These had no *Charms* to please the *Sense*,
No graceful *Port*, no *Eloquence*,
 To win the *Muse's* Throng :
Unknown, *unsung*, *unmark'd* they lie ;
But *Cæsar's* Fate o'ercasts the Sky,
 And *Nature* mourns his *Wrong*.

XVII.

Thy *Foes*, a frontless *Band*, invade ;
Thy *Friends* afford a timid *Aid*,
 And yield up half thy *Right*.
Ev'n *Locke* beams forth a mingled *Ray*,
Afraid to pour the *Floods* of *Day*
 On Man's too feeble *Sight*.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Hence are the motley *Systems* fram'd,
Of Rights *transfer'd* — of Pow'r *reclaim'd* —
Distinctions weak and vain.
Wise *Nature* mocks the wrangling *Herd*;
For *unreclaim'd*, and *untransfer'd*,
Her *Pow'rs* and *Rights* remain.

XIX.

While *Law* the Royal *Agent* moves,
The *Instrument* thy *Choice* approves,
We bow — thro' *Him* — to you.
But *change*, or *cease* th'inspiring *Choice*,
The *Sov'reign* sinks a private *Voice*,
Alike in *One*, or *Few*!

XX.

Shall then the *Man*, whose dastard *Heart*
Shrinks at a *Tyrant's* bolder Part,
And only dares — *betray*;
With reptile *Wiles*, alas! prevail,
Where *Force*, and *Rage*, and *Priest-craft* fail,
To *pilfer* Pow'r away?

XXI.

O! shall the *bought*, and *buying* *Tribe*;
The *Slaves* who take, and deal the *Bribe*,
A People's *Claims* enjoy?
So *Indian* *Murd'ers* hope to gain
The *Pow'rs* and *Virtues* of the *Slain*,
Of *Wretches* they *destroy*.

XXII.

XXII.

“ Avert it *Heav’n!* you love the *Brave*,
 “ You hate the treach’rous, willing *Slave* —
 “ The self-devoted *Head*.
 “ Nor shall an *Hireling’s Voice* convey
 “ That sacred *Prize* to lawless *Sway*,
 “ For which a *Nation* bled.”

XXIII.

Vain *Pray’r!* the *Coward’s* weak *Resource*—
 Directing *Reason’s* active *Force*
 Propitious *Heaven* bestows;
 But ne’er shall *Flame* the thund’ring *Sky*,
 To aid the trembling *Herd* that fly
 Before their weaker *Foes*.

XXIV.

XXIV.

In *Names* there are no magick *Charms*,
The *British* Virtues, *British* Arms,
Unloos'd our Father's Band :
Say *Greece* and *Rome* ! if *These* — shou'd fail,
What *Names*, what *Ancestors* avail,
To *save* a sinking *Land*.

XXV.

Far, far from us, such *Ills* shall be,
Mankind shall boast one *Nation* free,
One *Monarch* — truly Great —
Whose *Title*, is a People's *Choice*,
Whose *Mandate*, is a People's *Voice*,
Whose *Strength*, a prosp'rous *State*.



XIV

In ... there are no magic ...
The ...
...
...
...
...

XV

For ...
...
...
...
...
...
...

HIGH BOYS up go WE!

OR A

R O D for S O M E - B O D Y.

A B A L L A D,

Occasion'd by the foregoing O D E.

Favete linguis: Carmina non prius

Audita —————

————— *Canto.*

HOR.

HIGH BOYS UP GO WE!

OR A

ROD for SOME-BODY.

N B A L A D,

Occasioned by the foregoing O D E.

Printed by J. C. ...

Hon.



THE
DEDICATION.

S I R,

I SHOU'D not have presum'd to interrupt your Political *Researches*, so useful to *Mankind*, with an *Epistle Dedicatory*, but in Compliance with the modest *Importunity* of my *Bookseller*; who represented to me the *Indecorum* of making so free with Another's *Labour* without a proper *Apology* for it — He might probably have a more selfish *Reason* for be-

ing so pressing in this Particular, tho' he did not think fit to communicate it — However, I shall endeavour very briefly both to oblige *Him*, and to give a public *Mark* of that *Respect* I owe to an *Author* of your distinguish'd *Worth*.

A N D first, Sir, how mean soever I may appear in this *Jerkin*, you will soon perceive the *Stuff* of which it is composed, to be chiefly your *Own*, tho' somewhat alter'd from the *Cut* and *Fashion* of that exquisite *Garb* with which you so lately *dazzled* the Eyes of the *Public*.

I wou'd not have you imagine that an idle *Vein* of *Raillery* and *Ridicule*, (tho' they are allow'd to be the Natural *Mediums* of *Truth*) or any less generous *Motive* than your own *Philanthropy*, prompted me to
this

this Exercise of my *Genius* — No, Sir,
 it was to indulge my *Fondness* for those
 noble Sentiments of *Liberty*, which raise
 your *Productions* so much above the *Pitch*
 of other *Writers* —

*Te sequor Angliacæ gentis Decus, inque tuis nunc
 Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis,
 Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
 Quod Te imitari avelo.* —————

LUCRET. Lib. 3.

YOUR Scheme of *Government* is
 founded on *Principles* so just, so clear, and
 I may add, without *Flattery*, so entirely
new, that I thought every Method shou'd
 be taken to propagate it; nor knew I any
 so effectual for this Purpose, as a *Ballad*
 — An *Epitome* of it under that chearful
 Y 4 *Form*,

Fôrm, will naturally make deeper and more lasting *Impressions*, than the noblest *Precepts* deliver'd with the solemn *Brow* of an *Ode* — Besides, Sir, Works of that sublime *Cast* seldom reach the *Many*, for whom *Yours* are confessedly *calculated*; nor, indeed, have they *Parts* to understand, or *Taste* to relish them ----- But a *Song* lies level to all *Capacities*, is readily retain'd in the *Memory*, and therefore always at hand for *Use*, as well as *Delight* -- By this means, too, we shall *co-operate* in the *Great Work*, and by our joint *Labours* for the *Good* of the *Common Cause*, imitate *Nature*, who rolls stately *Tides* to enrich and adorn proud *Cities*, but pours humble *Streams* for the *Refreshment* of smaller *Towns* and *Villages*.

Thus

*Thus shall my little Bark attendant sail,
Pursue the Triumph, and partake the Gale.*

POPE'S Essay on Man

BUT, if after all I can urge to the contrary, I shou'd be so unhappy as to incur the Suspicion of having a View to *burlesque* your refin'd *Maxims* of Civil Government, let me add that even *This* ought to be consider'd as a *Compliment*, since it has been the Fate of the most *perfect* Compositions, and is always a *Mark of Excellence* --- *Virgil*, the *Prince of Poets*, has been travestied by *Lalli*, *Scarron* and *Cotton*; nay even the *Bible* is said not to have escap'd the ludicrous *Pen* of a *Castalio* : but what an absurd *Misapplication* of *Humour* wou'd it be to attempt a *Burlesque* on *Prince Arthur*, or a *Birth-Day Ode*!

(33°)

I hope by this Time it begins to appear
that I am with great *Truth* and profound
Regard,

S I R,

Your most humble Admirer,

And Fellow-Labourer,

Peak in Derbyshire,
Feb. 6. 1740-1.

T I M. S C R I B B L E.



H I G H



HIGH BOYS *up. go* WE!

I.

COME hither, bold *Britons*, and I will disclose
A Secret, which no One, besides *Myself*, knows,
How to set up *yourselves*--and to pull down your *Foes*.
Which Nobody can deny, deny,
which No-body can deny.

II.

'Tis the *Nostrum* of *Nostrums* -- I'll venture to say't--
And 'twas but t'other Day it crept into my *Pate* ---
How *Tag-rag* and *Bobtail*--- may govern the *State*.
Which No-body can deny, &c.

III.

III.

On *Government*, Sirs, I have read all that smart is,
 From *Hobbes* — to the fam'd *Dissertation* on *Parties* —
 And find that not *One* of them *All* worth a *F—t* is.
 Which No-body can deny, &c.

IV.

E'en *Locke*, who 'gainst *Filmer* once made such a
Rout,
 Left us *All* in the *Dark* — for he durst not **speak out*—
 Yet he knew *what was what* — there's no manner
 of doubt.
 Which No-body can deny, &c.

V.

* See *Ode* — Stanza 17.

V.

Under bigotted *James*, how the *Priests* did refine
Upon *Passive Obedience* — and *Right* so *Divine* —
And gave All to *Old Nick* — who oppos'd the
Right Line.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

VI.

But very soon after — and pray mark the *Jest* —
When those *Sons* of the *Church*, in their *Turn*, were
oppress'd,

They voted him *Out* — as plum as the *Rest*.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

VII.

VII.

So the *lineal Succession* you see is a *Sham*,
 The * *Original Compact*, likewise, is a *Bam*,
 On which mealy-mouth'd *Whigs* will most loudly
declaim.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

VIII.

If you ask of this *Charter* an ocular *Proof*,
 They know not where 'tis — but They still stand it
Buff —
 That 'tis founded in *Nature* — and sure That's
 enough.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

IX.

* A certain famous *Charter* said to have been settled between
Magistrates and *People*, and much insisted on by the *Advocates*
 for *Liberty*. —

IX.

And yet there must be, or the * *Schoolmen* do dream,
Heav'n's *Vice-Roy* on *Earth* — and a *Pow'r* *Supreme* —

This *Point* well to fix is the *Drift* of my *Scheme*.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

X.

† Can it dwell, do you think -- pray *Gentlemen* say--
In a *Throne's* borrow'd *Pomp*, and an armed *Array*,
Which *Impotence* — *Fear* — and much *Want* does
betray.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

XI.

* See *Ode* — Stanza 1.

† Stanza 2.

XI.

* If *Heaven* ordains to *preside* o'er the *State*,
 One who lives at his *Ease*, and ne'er puzzles his
Pate,
Cripples — *Ideots* — henceforth, may put in for the
Plate.

Which No-body can deny, &c

XII.

† No — 'tis *Virtue* superior, and *Wisdom*, and *Might*,
 Which alone can *create* — and *establish* this *Right* —
 Thus *Reason* concludes — and 'tis *clear* as the *Light*.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

XIII.

* Stanza 3.

† Stanza 4.

XIII.

* To those Royal *Machines* (such *Machines* are but
Few)

That set by the *Law*, like good *Watches* go true,
Some *Praise*, I confess — some *Respect* there is due.
Which No-body can deny, &c.

XIV.

In such a rare *Case*, I will own, my *Brave Boys*!
That, for once, you have made a most excellent
Choice,

Nor shou'd scruple t' applaud him with *Heart* and
with *Voice*.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

XV.

* Stanza 19.

XV.

You may *bow* — you may *cringe* — and let fly your
Huzzas —

Thro' the *Prince* — your *own Merit* more surely to
raise —

Who, for *choosing* so *wisely*, deserve all the *Praise*.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

XVI.

* But to you — ye thrice *Sacred, Wise, Virtuous* and
Strong !

The *absolute Sway* does most fitly belong —

Which brings me almost to an *End* of my *Song*.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

XVII.

* Stanza 4.

XVII.

† If, perchance, *One* no *Wiser* shou'd be than his
Brother,

Nor any more *Virtuous*, nor *Strong* than *another*,

Then the *Scepter* belongs to *One* as well as *T'other*.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

XVIII.

Prescription, or *Laws* then, no longer need bind;

Your *Allegiance* and *Faith* you may give to the *Wind*;

What you *swore* with your *Lips* — you *unswore*,
with your *Mind*.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

Z 2

XIX.

XIX.

Of this nice *Distinction* I surely may boast --

May our *Rulers* the *Force* of it prove to their *Cost*,

And ev'ry Man here -- take a *Cut* at the *Roast*.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

XX.

*Ne'er fall on your *Knees* -- 'tis the *Coward's Re-*
source --

We're not married to *Princes* -- for *better* for *worse* --

So if *fair Means* won't do -- we must *rout* them by

Force.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

XXI.

* Stanza 23.

XXI.

For *Heaven*, averſe, we well may ſuppoſe
Will tamely *look on* — nor the leaſt *interpoſe* —
To aid us againſt ſuch *contemptible Foes*.

Which No-body can deny, &c.

XXII.

* Is it fit that Sir *Robert* — that daſtardly *Knight* !
With the reſt of his *Crew*, ſhou'd by pitiful *Slight*,
Any longer enjoy a whole *People's Right* ?

Which No-body can deny, &c.

Z 3

XXIII.

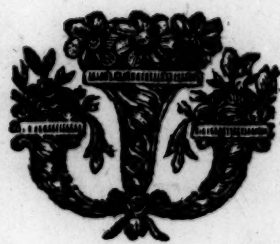
* Stanza 20.

XXIII.

Then, to *Arms* — my brave *Boys!* once more I implore you —

Knock them *All* on the *Head* — to retrieve *England's*
Glory —

And your *Fame* will out-shine all the *Heroes* in *Story*.
Which No-body can deny, &c.





The HUE and CRY. 1720.

O *YES!* hear all ye *Beaux* and *Wits*,
Poets — Musicians — 'Squires — and Cits ---
All who in *Town*, or *Country* dwell!
Say — can you *Tale* or *Tidings* tell
Of *Tortorella's* hasty *Flight*,
Why in new *Groves* she takes *Delight*;
And if, in *Consort*, or *Alone*,
The cooing *Murm'rer* makes her *Moan*.

Now learn the *Marks*, by which you may
Trace out, and stop the lovely *Stray*.

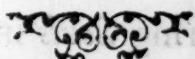
Some *Wit* — more *Folly* — and no *Care* —
 Thoughtless her *Conduct* — free her *Air* —
 Gay — *Scornful* — *Sober* — *Indiscreet* —
 In whom all *Contradictions* meet ;
Obliging, *rude* — *Ill-natur'd*, *Easy* —
 Form'd both to *Charm* you, and *Displease* ye ;
 Much Want of *Judgment* — none of *Pride* —
 Modish her *Dress* — her *Hoop* full *wide* —
 Brown *Skin* — *Eyes* blacker than a *Sloe* —
 An *Angel*, pleas'd — when *vex'd*, a *Sbrew*, —

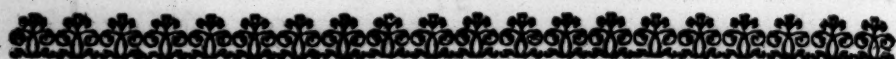
Genteel her *Motion*, when she *walks*,
 Sweetly she *sings*, and loudly *talks* ;
 Knows all the *World*, and its *Affairs*,
 Who goes to *Court* — to *Plays* — to *Pray'rs* —
 Who *keeps* — who *marries* — *fails*, or *thrives* —
 Leads honest, or dishonest *Lives* :

What

What *Money* match'd each *Youth* and *Maid*,
And who was at each *Masquerade* :
Of all *fine Things*, in this *fine Town*,
She's only to *Herself* -- *unknown*.

By this *Description*, if you meet her,
With lowly *Bows*, and *Homage*, greet her ;
If you shou'd bring the *Vagrant Beauty*
Back to her *Mamma* -- and her *Duty* --
Ask for *Reward*, a *Lover's Bliss*,
And ——— if she'll let you ——— take a *Kiss* ———
Or more ——— if more you wish, and may ——— }
Try if at *Church* the *Words* she'll say,
Then *teach* her ——— if you can ——— t'OBEY. }





The FLEA of TASTE.

SAY, daring *Insect*! did *Ambition's* Fire,
 Or *Beauty's* Charms, thy little *Breast* inspire?
 Was it or *Pride*, or *Elegance of Taste*,
 That tempted Thee to such a costly *Feast*,
 Where *Life's* the *Price* of each intruding *Guest*?
 That thou, of *Danger* fearless, durst invade
 The awful *Hand* of that *Angelic Maid*;
 And *sacrilegiously* — presume to touch —
 What boldest *Mortals* tremble to approach?
 Can *Insect-Bosoms* glow with *Thoughts* like *These*,
 “ And dwell such daring *Souls* in little * *Fleas*?
 By this *Exploit* *Immortaliz'd*, thy *Name*
 Shall stand the *Foremost* in the *List of Fame*:

Not

* See *Pope's Rape of the Lock. P. 1.*

Not e'en those *Flies*, which *Roman Annals* tell
Beneath *Domitian's* golden *Bodkin* fell,
(Tho' from the *World's* proud *Lord* they met their
Doom,

Promiscuous, with the richest *Blood* of *Rome*;)
In the Records of *Fame* so glorious shine,
Or boast a *Death* so nobly great as *Thine*;
Who to *Cordelia's* beauteous *Hand* aspir'd,
And — on her *Nail* — triumphantly *expir'd*.

Oh! wou'd some *God*, propitious, deign t'inspire
My lab'ring *Breast* with *Maro's* sacred *Fire*,
That, worthy *Thee*, thy *Fate* I might rehearse,
And sing the daring *Deed* -- in equal *Verse* —
Then future *Ages* shou'd with *Wonder* see
The *Mantuan Gnat* — outrival'd by a *Flea*.





To a L A D Y,

With a Drawing of CUPID, *done by*
the † Author, 1696.

WHEN gen'rous *Dido* in Disguise carefs'd
This *God*, and fondly clasp'd him to her
Breast ;

Soon the fly *Boy* storm'd her unguarded *Heart*,
And am'rous *Fires* diffus'd thro' ev'ry Part ;

Warm

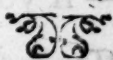
† The Reader will not think This the less valuable for being a *Specimen* of the late Mr. *Hughes's* Genius at the Age of *Nineteen*, communicated to Me by the worthy *Editor* of his *Works*, in which it is omitted. --- I take this public *Occasion* of returning that *Gentleman* Thanks for some other entertaining *Pieces* in the Course of this *Collection*.

Warm *Wishes* first, and tender *Thoughts* arose ;
Then *Sighs* and *Murmurs* the soft *Flame* disclose :
In vain she wou'd *suppress* the New-born *Fire* ;
It scorn'd her weak *Essays*, and rose the higher :
Invain from *Feasts*-- from *Balls*--Relief she sought --
The *Trojan Youth*, alone, employ'd her anxious
Thought.

His *Heav'nly Form* still wander'd in her *Sight*,
For Him she *sigh'd* by *Day*, and *dreamt* of Him by
Night :

Still *Fate* oppos'd her unavailing *Care* ;
She dy'd, *forsook* and *scorn'd*, in black *Despair*.

No such *Event*, fair *Nymph*, you need to fear ;
Smiles, without *Darts*, alone attend Him *here* :
Weak and *unarm'd*, unable to *surprize*,
He waits for *Influence* from your *conq'ring Eyes* :
Heav'n change the *Omen* then, and may this prove
A happy *Prelude* of successful *Love*.





A RECIPE *for an* ASTHMA.

*M*ARCUS, Old *Friend*, accept from *Me*,
The following *Rules* without a *Fee*.

An *Asthma* is your *Cafe*, I think,
So you must neither *Eat*, nor *Drink* —
I mean, of *Meats* preserv'd in *Salt*,
Nor any *Liquor* made of *Malt* :
From season'd *Sauce*, avert your *Eyes*,
From *Hams*, and *Tongues*, and *Pidgeon Pyes* :
If *Ven'son Pasty*'s set before ye,
Each Bit you eat — *Memento mori* :
Your *Supper*, *Nothing* — if you please —
But above all — no *Toasted Cheese*.

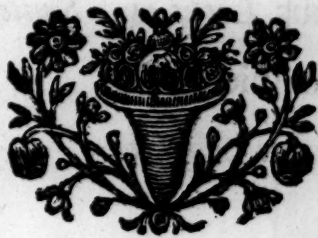
'Tis likely, you will now observe,
What I *prescribe* will make you *starve*;
No — I allow you at a *Meal*,
A *Neck* — a *Loin* — or *Leg of Veal*:
Young Turkeys, I allow you *Four* —
Partridges — *Pullets* — half a *Score*:
Of *House Lamb* boil'd eat *Quarters Two* —
The *Devil's in't* — if That won't do.
Now as to *Liquor* — why, indeed,
Might I *advise* — it shou'd be *Mead*:
Glasses of *Wine*, t'extinguish *Drought*,
Drink *Two*, with *Water* — *Three*, without.
Let constant *Exercise* be try'd,
And sometimes *Walk*, and sometimes *Ride*;
Health's oft'ner met on *Highbgate Hill*,
Than in *Apothecary's Bill*.
Be not in *haste*, nor think to do
Your Bus'ness with a *Purge* or *Two*:

Some,

Some, if they are not well at once,
 Proclaim their *Doctor* for a *Dunce*;
 Restless, from *Quack* to *Quack* they range,
 When 'tis *Themselves* they ought to *change*.
Nature hates *Violence* and *Force* —
 By *Method* led, and gentle *Course* :
Rules and *Restraint* you must endure,
Ills brought by *Time*, 'tis *Time* must cure :
 The Use of *Vegetables* try,
 And prize *Pomona* — in a *Pye* —
 Young *Bacchus*' Rites you must *avoid*,
 And leave fair *Venus* unenjoy'd :
 Whate'er you take, put somewhat *Good* in,
 And worship *Ceres* — in a *Pudding* —
 For *Breakfast* — it is my *Advice* —
 Eat *Gruel* — *Sago* — *Barley* — *Rice* :
 Take *Burdock Roots* — and by my *Troth*,
 I'd mingle *Daisies* in my *Broth*.

Thus,

Thus, you with *Ease* may draw your *Breath*,
Deluding, what you dread not, *Death*;
Laugh with your *Friends*, be gay and thrive,
Enrich'd by *Those* whom you *survive*.





The INVOCATION.

By a LADY.

I.

YE *Virgin Pow'rs!* defend my *Heart*
From am'rous *Looks* and *Smiles* ;
From faucy *Love*, or nicer *Art*,
Which *most* our *Sex* beguiles.

II.

From *Sighs* and *Vows*, from awful *Fears*,
That tender *Pity* move ;
From speaking *Silence*, and from *Tears*,
Those *Springs* — that water *Love*.

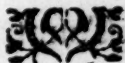
III.

III.

But if, thro' *Passion*, I grow blind,
Let *Honour* be my *Guide*;
And when frail *Nature* seems inclin'd,
There place a *Guard* of *Pride*.

IV.

An *Heart*, whose *Flames* are seen, tho' pure;
Needs ev'ry *Virtue's Aid*;
And *She* who thinks *Herself secure*,
The soonest is *betray'd*.





An E P I S T L E

From a young GENTLEMAN *in the Coun-*
try to his FRIEND *at* OXFORD.

Dec. 20, 1727.

TO you whom *Learning's Seats* delight,
From * *Widford's* bless'd *Retreat*, I write;
To let you know how 'tis we fare
On Country *Food*, and Country *Air*.
But first — our *House* I'll lay before ye —
A little *Box* — in *Height* one *Story* —

Our

* In *Hertfordshire*.

Our *Rooms* amount to barely *Three* —
 For *Tom* — my *Landlady* — and *Me*.
 Nor, (witness this insipid *Stuff*,)
 Have we *Conveniencies* enough,
 To entertain, (as *Poets* use,) —
 That Sense-inspiring *Girl* — the *Muse*.

But, P—x on *Sense*, and *Inspiration* —
 In *Poetry* — they're out of *Fashion* :
 So, to proceed — This humble *Cell*
 Stands (as the common *Phrase* is) well —
 'Tis *small* — but then 'tis *neat* and *warm* —
 Nor Fears from *Winds* or *Tempests* harm.
 Our *Host* — an honest, hearty *Man* —
 (Find such *another*, if you can)
 Has been, tho' now quite past his *Prime*,
 An honest *Coachman*, in his *Time* :
 And still continues to provoke
 Our *Mirth*, by some dry *Stable Joke*.

His *Wife* — a comely, wholesome *Dame* —
 For *Houſewif'ry*, the firſt in *Fame*,
 That humble *Widford* e'er cou'd *boast*,
 To cure the *Pot* — or rule the *Roast* —
 They live a queerish ſort of *Life*,
 But not at all like *Man* and *Wife*:
 They never *fight* — and ſeldom *kifs* —
 In ſhort — they're neither *That* — nor *This* —
 Ask 'em how 'twas they came to *tie*
 The *Marriage Knot* — they can't tell *why* —
 She *ſtares*, as if ſhe'd quite *forgot*;
 Ask *Iſaac*, how it was — or what —
 How was't, my *Dear*? why, let me ſee —
 I think 'twas *You* that courted *Me* —
 I won't be *poſitive*, tho', neither:
 Whence 'tis but *fair*, I think, to *gather*,
Sarah, lik'd *Iſaac* — *Iſaac*, *Sary* —
 And ſo They *chanc'd* — as 'twere — to *marry*.

Thus,

Thus, Sir, our Matters go within,
Free from *Impertinence* and *Spleen* :
But if *Abroad* you turn your Eye,
To see what honest *Friends* are nigh,
Within our narrow *Neighbourhood*,
Our *Friends* you'll find are *Few* — but *Good*.
The 'Squire, a Man profoundly read
In *Baker* — *Hide* — and *Hollingshead* —
In *Classics*, too, not skill'd a little ;
Knows Master *Virgil* — to a Tittle :
Horace and *Ovid* — are his Own ———
Authors I've heard him talk upon
With so much *Judgment*, so much *Fire*,
Each *Word* bely'd the *Country* 'Squire :
In *Principles*, (if right I guess,)
He's not a *Whig* — a *Tory*, less —
Nor this, nor that *Side* he'll defend ;
But to each *Honest Man* — a *Friend*.

The Next — whose *Friendship* crowns my *Bliss* —
 An hearty, honest *Farmer* is —
 His *Station* answers not his *Sense* ;
 From *Rudeness* — Rustic *Insolence* —
 From *Avarice*, and *Knavery*,
 From *Pride*, and all *Ill-Nature* free.

The *Third's* a *Miller* — *Honest* too —
 (Your *Proverbs* are not always *true*)
 A gen'rous, open hearted Soul,
 One who dares freely spend his *Toll* ;
 And, our *Acquaintance* more to grace,
 Is — High-*Church-Warden* of the *Place*.
 Bless'd in each Circumstance of Life,
 But that — (God bless the Man !) his *Wife* —
 His *Wife*? — Yes, Sir — his *Wife* is — what?
 A very — softly — *Mum* for that.

Of these good *Friends*, some one or other,
To see the *Curate* and his *Brother*,
Each *Sunday*, after Evening-*Pray'rs*,
Sure as the *Sunday* comes --- repairs :
With whom next Day we needs must *dine*
On *Christmas Pye*, and roast *Sirloin* ;
Where few *Words* pass'd --- as Sir how d'ye ---
Thank ye --- a merry *Christmas t'ye* ---
(At this we kiss the *Farmer's Wife*)
Each Man falls to, as 'twere for Life ;
Each cracks his *Bottle*, and his *Jest*,
While smiling *Welcome* makes the *Feast*.
Next *Morn*, e'er *Phæbus* rears his Head
From Sea-green *Tethys'* wat'ry *Bed*,
To us the Goddess *Health* resorts,
And calls us forth to Rural *Sports* ;
As *Seasons* yield --- to *course* the *Hare* ---
Or *mark* the destin'd *Snipe* from far.

Such

Such vast Variety of *Bliss*
 Attends an humble *Life* like *This* ;
 I cou'd, almost, with *Pity* view
 E'en *Learning's Seat* — tho' bless'd with *You*.





An EPI T A P H.

On CLAUDY PHILIPS,
MUSICIAN.

PHILIPS, whose *Touch* harmonious cou'd re-
move

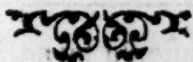
The *Pangs* of *Guilty Pow'r*, and hapless *Love*,

Here *Sleep* — Distress'd by *Poverty* no more —

Here find that *Calm* thou gav'st so oft before :

Rest undisturb'd, within this peaceful *Shrine*,

Till *Angels* wake Thee — with a *Note* like *Thine*.



An



An EPISTLE,
Humbly inscribed to his Gr--ce the D--ke
of Ch--nd--s. 1732.*

Homo sum ; nihil humani a Me alienum puto.

TER.

A CCEPT, *My Lord*, the *Tribute* which I bring,
Due to the fair *Perfection* which I sing;
Due to *Yourself* — for who wou'd paint it true,
Must trace its bright *Original* — in *You*.

Oh!

* The above was occasion'd by an Epistle to Lord *B--rl--ng--n*, on the *Use of Riches*, in which the *Author* traduces his Gr--ce in the most scurrilous Manner, under the Character of *Timon*. —

Oh! born to *Merit*, and to gain the *Prize*,
Which *Mortals* doat on with *desiring Eyes*:
Justly has *Heav'n* indulg'd the ample *Store*,
And where it found the *Will*—bestow'd the *Pow'r*:
Thy *Soul* attun'd to soft *Humanity*,
No wretched Object, *unconcern'd*, can see:
Thy lib'ral *Hand*, and open *Heart* conspire,
To raise up humble *Virtue* from the *Mire*;
With tender *Sympathy* thy *Bosom* heaves,
Joys with the *Happy* -- with the *Wretched* grieves--
When *Arts* or *Learning*, pensive droop their *Heads*,
Thy ready *Care* supplies the chearful *Aids*:
And (what shou'd strike the *Monster Envy* dead)
Thy very *Pleasures* — are to *Thousands* — *Bread*.

And yet there *lives* (oh! *Shame* to Human Race!
A *Wretch*, who boasts within your *Heart* a Place:
Who,

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Who, like an *Adder*, swell'n with *cherishing*,
Darts at his *Patron* his relentless *Sting* :
Well treated, yet not *pleas'd* — *caress'd*, yet *rude* —
Who pays a *Ch—nd--s Worth* — with vile *Ingratitude*.

Mævius, thou worst of *Men* ! (if *Man* Thou art)
Thou *Syren-Charmer*, with a *Dæmon's Heart* !
Sweet is thy *Voice*, and artful is thy *Hand*,
Who can thy soothing *Harmony* withstand ?
The *Great* — the *Good* — too skillful to allure
Heedless to touch th'inhospitable *Shore* ;
With *Thee* to join in *Friendship's* sacred *Bands*,
And nearer to *admire* thy melting *Strains* :
But soon their *Confidence* misplac'd they rue,
Their spotless *Fame* torn, and devour'd by *You*.

Ah ! hapless *They* on whom, unknown you *smile*,
Whose yielding *Hearts* thy *Flatteries* beguile :
Themselves they soon shall see with wild *Surprize*
Adorn'd, as *Victims*, for the *Sacrifice* :

So

So *Addison* — Peace to his gentle *Shade*!
Was to thy *treach'rous* Merit once *betray'd* —
So *Ch--nd--s*, gen'rous *Lord*, is taught to know
That to *oblige*, is to *exasp'rate* you —
The same shall ev'ry worthy *Patron* see,
And *B--rl--ngt--n* *Himself* — be stabb'd by *Thee*.

But say, thou mean *Artificer* of Ill!
Vain as thou art of thy acknowledg'd *Skill*,
Why so intent the *brightest* Names to chuse!
For the leud *Sport* of thy *Satyrical* *Muse*?
Think'st thou, by mangling them with *Tartar*
 Spirit,
Thou may'st *Thyself* the gaudy *Spoils* inherit?
Mistaken *Wretch*! thy *Satyr* — *Praise* shall be —
And their *Reproach* — thy lasting *Infamy*.

Nor

Is this the * *Sense*, to *Science* so prefer'd?
 Better the *Instinct* of the *Savage Herd* —
 Nor *Bears*, nor *Tygers*, their own *Kind* pursue,
 More social *They* — and milder far than *You*.

Magnificence and *Grandeur* hurt thy *Eyes*;
Objects too mighty for thy *Pigmy Size* :
Burrow'd in *Tw* — *m* you of *Taste* decide,
 With *Magisterial Air*, and *Cynic Pride* ;
 What, haply, squares not with thy scanty *Rule*,
 (So you decree) is mean — insipid — dull :
 As well thou might'st the human *Feature* shape,
 And, for true *Beauty*, recommend — an *Ape* :
 As well thy *Stature* -- might the *Standard* be —
 And — *Six Foot high* — be rank *Deformity*.

Mævius

* See Epistle to Lord B--rl--ngt--n. L. 42, 43, 44.

Mævius consult — when you have ought *design'd* —
True Taste's the fair *Idea* of his *Mind*:

Vain all your *Labour*, and *Expence* must be;

If *Mævius'* nicer *Judgment* disagree:

Safer to see the *Copy* ready drawn;

His *House*, a *Box* — a *Fairy Ring*, his *Lawn* —

A *Lilliputian Grot*, his cool *Retreat*,

Where blended *Moss*, and *Shells*, and *Coral* meet:

His *Fountains*, *Puddles* — which *Straw Pipes* might
fill —

Or *Baby Cupids* — pissing thro' a *Quill* —

His *Niches*, *Cracks* — fill'd with *Squab Deities* —

A *Tiny Jove* — an *Infant Hercules* —

His *Library* of *Books*, no ample *Store* —

His own *Works* neatly bound — and little more.

Thus has he *plan'd out* his own *mighty Soul*,
And of small *Parts* compos'd a wond'rous *Whole*:

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O *Art* egregious ! *Judgment* exquisite !

Sagacious only of what's truly *Great* !

No more shall *Barbarism* the World o'er-run,

Prostrate shall fall each *Vandal*, *Goth*, and *Hun*,

And bend *submissive* — to his awful *Throne* :

No more shall *Sheppard* — dare to draw a *Line* —

No more shall *Bridgeman* — offer at *Design* —

With willing *Homage* All shall own his *Pow'r*,

And dub Him — *Universal Connoisseur*.

But since the *Gods* indulge thy loftier *Mind*

To *settle* what was never, yet *design'd* ;

Tell us, good *Mævius* — ere we part what — is't,

This *Thing* thou boastest of so much — this *Taste* ?

— 'Tis what escapes the *Wise*, as well as *Fool* —

But, prithee, point us out some certain *Rule* —

That we may fix this great *Discovery*,

And *Others* knowing, as *Thy self*, may be :

— 'Tis what I know, but cannot well describe —

How then shall meaner Souls this *Taste* imbibe ?

— A

—A *Rule* there is, most certain — and but *One* —
What is't ? — 'tis *Sense* -- what *Sense*, dread Sir ! —
my *Own*.

Foolish and *Vain* ! wert *Thou* to dictate, born ?
Know that *Mankind* thy haughty *Precepts* scorn ;
Pleas'd with *Instruction*, they disdain the *Rod* ;
Admit *Reproof* --- but hate the Tyrant -- *Nod* ---
Thy *Rule* neglected, they their *Right* assert,
And for *True Taste* read *Nature* join'd with *Art* ;
Thro' various *Ways*, the same great *End* pursue,
And study to delight *Themselves* --- not *You*.

For Thee, proud *Reptile* ! Pains are still in Store,
And *Justice* waits but her appointed *Hour* :
Soon will *Mankind* with *Indignation* fire,
And in the *Common Cause*, as *One*, conspire :
For thy base *Spoils* shall just *Reprisals* make,
And punish *Thee* — for injur'd *Virtue's* Sake :

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I see Thee stript of *Honours* thou hast worn,
 Expos'd to private *Jest* — and public *Scorn* —
 Driv'n from the *Herd*, all pale with wild *Despair*,
Panting and *Breathless*, like the tainted *Deer*.

Forgive, my *Lord*, these Transports of the *Muse*,
 (It is not *Railing*, justly to *Accuse*)
 With fix'd *Regard* she eyes her darling *Theme*,
 And only *blames* — what all Men must *condemn*.
 When *Wit* with *Malice*, is in League combin'd,
 'Tis *Virtue*, then to bear an hostile *Mind*,
 And to hate *Mævius* — is to love *Mankind*. }

Good-natur'd Wit a *Talent* is from *Heav'n*,
 For noblest Purposes to *Mortals* giv'n :
 Studious to *please*, it seeks not Others *Harm* ;
 It cuts, to *beal* --- and fights, but to *disarm* ---
 It cheers the *Spirits*, smoothes the anxious *Brow*,
 Renews to *Industry* --- and chafes *Woe* ---

In

In beauteous *Colours* dresses home-spun *Truth*,
 And *Wisdom* recommends to heedless *Youth* :
 At *Vice* still points its strongest *Ridicule*,
 And *shames* to *Virtue* — ev'ry vicious *Fool* :
 Like you, my Lord, it all Mankind *invites* ;
 Like you *instructs* them --- and like you *delights*.

Not *Mævi*us so— with unrelenting *Spleen*,
 And *unprovok'd*, he draws the *Weapon* keen :
 With *Gladiator-Fury* deals his *Blows*,
 And thinks to *gash* and *hack* --- is to *amuse* :
 To *Vice* indulgent -- *Virtue* he pollutes --
 And preys, like *Wasps*, upon the fairest *Fruits* :
 He singles out, his little *Rage* to spend,
 The *Good* --- the *Kind* --- the *Gen'rous* --- and the
Friend :

Eager to *censure* -- skilful to *traduce* —
 Of *Falshood* forgetive, and mean *Abuse*,
 To *Satyr* rude he prostitutes his *Muse*.

}

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But now, no more her fully'd *Beauty* warms —
For frontless *Impudence* — has sunk her *Charms*.

In *Mævius'* Soul — a *Foe* profess we find —
In you, *my Lord* — a *Patron* of Mankind:
Your well known *Character* his *Art* confounds,
And his low *Satyr* only *snarls* -- not *wounds* :
Enlighten'd, now, the *World* is undeceiv'd ;
Who censures *You* — can never be believ'd :
We envy not the *Wretch* his faded *Bays* ;
We scorn his *Malice* -- and reject his *Praise* :
We read him *backward* -- like a *Witch's Pray'r* —
And find not *Timon* -- but a *Ch--nd--s* there.





An E P I G R A M.

On a P O E M *intitl'd* -- F A L S E T A S T E.

L E T *P--pe*, no more, what *Ch--nd--s* builds,
deride,

Bècause he takes not *Nature* — for his *Guide*;

Since wond'rous *Critic*! in thy *Form* we see;

That *Nature*'s self may *err* — as well as *He*.





*An ANSWER to a young LADY
who inquir'd what Another had mis-
carried of.*

DEAR Madam --- the *Thing* you inquire a-
bout,

Wou'd puzzle the D---l himself to find out,
And say what it *was* --- there is no One can tell --
To say what it *was not* -- may be done very well --
Of no *Fæminine* fort -- nor of that call'd a *Male* -- }
Nor of that where *both Sexes* are said to prevail -- }
In short 'twas a *Matter* --- without *Head* or *Tail*: }
'Twas a *Substance*, indeed -- That may fairly be said --
But without *Form*, and *Void* -- neither *Living* -- nor
Dead,

Something

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 377

Something went to the making this *Thing* of no
Profit —

'Twas *Something* -- but then, we cou'd make *No-*
thing of it —

And in this, sure, I cannot be said much to err in,
Fish 'twas not --- nor *Flesh* --- no, nor dainty *Red*
Herring ---

Yet such the *fine Ladies* that *flaunt* in the *Ring* —
Ev'n Dear N--nn--y F--d --was *once* that very *Thing*.



Upon



Upon L A D Y S. C---- *singing to her*
Lute.

W H E N on each *Word* the Fate of *Albion*
 hung,

Such was the *Musick* of thy Father's *Tongue* ;
 So charm'd his *Voice* — when tun'd in *Freedom's*
Cause —

In *Thine* -- we hear -- we feel what C---'s was :
 So charm'd his *Voice* -- nor was it's matchless *Skill*
 More sure to *Save* -- than *Cælia's* now to *Kill* --
 And, Oh ! in vain did thy *Immortal Sire*,
 (Whose mighty *Breast Rome's* Genius did inspire)

His

His pow'rful, melting *Eloquence* employ,
To *save* that *Liberty*, which you *destroy* :
To make us *Free* — in vain the *Patriot* strove —
While *Cælia* — dooms us to be *Slaves* — to *Love*.





A Q U Æ R E.

*Sent to the EDITOR by an unknown
Hand.*

IN Life, if *Woes* do more than *Joys* abound,
 Nor *Pain*, with greater *Good*, is always crown'd;
 And often proves the Lot of *Innocence*,
 How can it's *Sway*, o'er all the World of *Sense*,
 Be join'd with an All-gracious *Providence* ;
 Or with that *Fair Idea* reconcil'd,
 Which by *Divines* is perfect *Goodness* stil'd ;
 Tho' *Wisdom Infinite* may still *preside*,
 And each nice *Spring* of this Great *Fabrick* guide?

ANSWER



A N S W E R.

By the EDITOR.

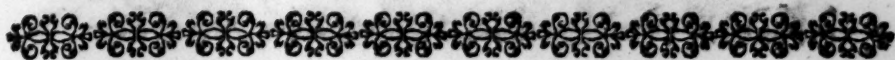
IF what you *seek* be rightly understood,
 Ill — does not on the *Whole* — prepond'rate *Good*;
Or *Man's* to blame — for *God* gave *Reason's* Light
To guide our *Footsteps*, and direct us *right* :
Is *God* to blame — because by *Passion* blind,
Man will go *wrong* — and leave his *Guide* behind ?
But say — how comes it, tho' all this be *true*,
That *Innocence* and *Virtue* suffer too ?
'Mongst other *Reasons*, reckon this for *One* —
The Vicious *Sire* — oft taints a virtuous *Son* :
—But grant *They* suffer from some other *Cause* —
Must *God* *suspend*, or *change* his equal *Laws*,
From fix'd *Decrees*, to humour *Mortals*, *swerve* —
And make us *happier* — than the *Best* deserve ?

Besides,

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Besides, the *Rule* is *false* — to judge of *Ill*
 By what to *Us*, (perhaps,) *Man* seems to *feel*;
 In *Pain* and *Poverty*, 'tis often seen
 The Wretch, *without* — has found a Heav'n, *within*:
 Or let the *worst* of what he *feels* be said,
 He's sure — *Hereafter* — to be *over-paid*:
 Such the *Decrees* that *Justice* must dispense,
 And such th' *Impartial Will* of *Providence*.
 The *Knot* by which his *Attributes* are ty'd,
 No *Time* can separate — nor *Chance* divide —
 You grant his *Pow'r* is Infinite to *do*;
 Then infinitely *Wise* he must be too:
 Since *Pow'r* to *Act* — without *unerring Will* —
 Is but a *Pow'r* to *Act* — and *Blunder* still —
Wisdom and *Pow'r Infinite* allow'd,
 What *hinders* — but He's *Infinitely Good*?
 Or say — ye *Wise*! for doubtless you can tell —
 How *Envy* can with such *Perfections* dwell?





On SAPPHO and DELIA,
Two POETICAL SISTERS.

TWO *Rival Sisters*, in alternate *Strains*,
Once charm'd, with equal *Verse*, the list'ning
Swains

Smit with their Song, *Apollo* heard --- nor knew
To *whom* the well contested *Palm* was due:
Let *Each*, he cry'd, the *Poet's Honours* share;
Let *Each*, henceforth, be ev'ry *Muse's* Care;
No brighter *Gifts* can *Heav'n itself* dispense,
Than *Sappho's* sprightly *Wit* — and *Delia's* modest
Sense.





The SCHOOL-MISTRESS*,

A POEM, &c.

Written at COLLEGE, 1736.

In Imitation of SPENSER.

I.

AH me ! full forely is my Heart forlorn,
To think that *Merit* thus neglected lies !
While partial *Fame* doth with her Blasts adorn
Such Deeds alone, as *Pride* and *Pomp* disguise ;
Deeds

* This has been *printed* before by Mr. *Doddsley*, but so near a-kin, both in *Design* and *Execution*, to the *Poem* which immediately follows it, that I cou'd not resist the *Pleasure* of exhibiting them together, or deny my *Miscellany* the *Credit* of a *Performaunce* that wou'd do *Honour* to the *Best*, and must give some *Value* to the most *indifferent* *Collection*.

Deeds of ill Sort, and mischievous * *Emprise* !
 Lend me thy *Trumpet*, Goddess ! let me try
 To sound the Praise of *Merit* e'er it dies :
 Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
 Lost in the dreary Shades of dull *Obscurity*.

II.

In ev'ry *Mart* that stands on *Britain's* Isle,
 In ev'ry *Village* less reveal'd to *Fame*,
 Dwells there, in *Cottage* known about a Mile,
 A Matron old, whom we *School-Mistress* name ;
 Who boasts unruly *Brats* with *Birch* to tame :
 They grieved fore in *Durance* vile y-pent,
 Aw'd by the Pow'r of uncontrouled *Dame* ;
 And oft-times, on *Vagaries* idly bent.
 For *Hair* unkempt, or *Task* unconn'd, are forely
 † shent.

III.

* Enterprize.

† Blam'd.

III.

And all in fight does rise a *Birchen Tree*,
 Which *Learning* near *her* little *Dome* did stow,
 Whilom a *Twig* of small *Regard* to see,
 Tho' now so wide its waving *Branches* flow;
 And work the simple *Vassals* mickle *Woe*:
 For not a *Wind* might curl the *Leaves*, that blew,*
 But their *Limbs* shudder'd, and their *Pulse* beat low;
 And as they look'd, they found their *Horror* grew,
 And shap'd it into *Rods*, and tingled at the *View*.

IV.

* *Nam seu mobilibus vepri inhorruit*
Ad ventum foliis —
Et corde & genibus tremit.

H O R.

IV.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive,)
A lifeless *Phantom* near a *Garden* plac'd :
So does it little Birds of Peace bereave,
Of *Sport*, of *Song*, of *Pleasure*, and *Repast* :
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast :
Sad *Servitude* ! such comfortless *Annoy*
Ah ! ne'er may *Britain's* Sons, *maturer*, taste !
Ne *Superstition* clog *their* Dance of Joy,
Ne *Phantom* empty, vain, *their* native Bliss destroy.

V.

† Nar to this *Dome* is found a *Patch* so green,
On which the *Tribe* their *Gambols* do display :
Als at the *Door* impris'ning *Board* is seen,
Lest weakly *Wights* of smaller Size should stray ;

C c 2

Eager,

* Nearer.

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Eager, perdie, to bask in *Sun-shine* Day!

The *Noises* intermix'd, which thence resound,

Do *Learning's* little *Tenement* betray: *

Where sits the *Dame*, disguis'd in *Look* profound,

And eyes her *Fairy-throng*, and turns her *Wheel*
around.

VI.

Her *Cap*, far whiter than the driven *Snow*,

Emblem right meet of *Decency* does yield:

Her *Apron* dy'd in Grain, as blue, I trow,

As is the *Hair-bell* that adorns the Field:

And in her Hand, for *Scepter*, she wou'd wield

Twa

* ——— *auditæ voces, vagitus & ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.*

VIRG.

Twa *Birchen Sprays*; with pallid *Fear* entwin'd,
With dark *Distrust*, and sad *Repentance* fill'd;
And keen *Regret*, and sharp *Affliction* join'd,
And *Vengeance* uncontroul'd, and *Discipline* un-
kind *.

VII.

Few but have ken'd, in *Semblance* meet pourtray'd,
The childish Faces of old *Eol's* Train,
Libs, *Notus*, *Auster*; these in *Frowns* array'd,
How then would fare or *Earth*, or *Sky*, or *Main*,
Were the stern *Pow'r* to give his *Slaves* the Rein?
And were not *She* rebellious *Minds* to quell,
And were not *She* her *Statutes* to maintain,
The *Cot* no more, I ween, were judg'd the *Cell*
Where lovely *Peace* of Mind, and decent *Order*
dwell.

C c 3

VIII.

* *Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque,*
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.

VIRG.

VIII.

The *Gown*, which o'er her *Shoulders* thrown she
had,

Was *Russet-stuff*, (who knows not *Russet-stuff*?)
Great Comfort to her Mind that she was clad
In Texture of her own, all strong and tough,
Ne did she e'er complain, ne deem it rough;
And, well I trow, her *Pupils* all around,
Thro' pious *Awe*, did term it fine enough:
For they with gaping *Wonderment* abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest *Wight*
on Ground.

IX.

Albeit ne *Flatt'ry* did corrupt her *Truth*,
Ne pompous *Title* did debauch her *Ear*:
Goody, *Good-woman*, *Gossip*, *Dame*, *Forsooth*,
Or *N'aunt*, the sole *Additions* she did hear:

Yet

Yet *these* she challeng'd, *these* she held right dear :
Ne wou'd esteem him act as did behove,
Who did not honour'd * *Eld* with these revere ;
For *Title* is there none so mean doth prove,
But there is eke a *Mind* which doth that *Title* love.

X.

One antient *Hen* she took delight to feed,
The plodding *Pattern* of this busy *Dame* !
Which, ever and anon, as she had need,
Into her *School*, begirt with *Chickens*, came ;
Such *Favour* did her past *Deportment* claim :
And if *Neglect* had lavish'd on the Ground
Fragment of *Bread*, she still did *board* the same :
For well she knew, and quaintly cou'd expound
The Chicken-feeding Pow'r of ev'ry *Crumb* she
found.

C c 4

XI.

* Old Age.

XI.

In *Elbow-chair*, like that of *Scotish* Stem,
 By the sharp *Tooth* of cank'ring *Eld* defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his *Diadem*,
 Our sovereign *Lord* and * liefeft *Liege* is plac'd,
 The *Matron* fate ; and some with *Rank* she grac'd,
 The Source of *Children's*, and of *Courtier's* Pride :
 Redress'd *Affronts*, (for vile *Affronts* there pass'd,)
 And warn'd 'em not the *Fretful* to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

XII.

Right well she knew each *Temper* to descry,
 To thwart the *Proud*, and the *Submiss* to raise :
 Some with vile *Copper Prize* exalt on high,
 And some entice with *Pittance* small of *Praise* :
 And

* Dearest.

And other Sorts with baleful *Spriggs* affrays.
Ev'n *absent* She the Reins of *Pow'r* doth hold,
While with quaint *Arts* the giddy *Crowd* she sways,
Forewarn'd, if little *Bird* their *Tricks* behold,
'Twill whisper in her Ear, and all the Scene unfold.

XIII.

Lo ! now with *State* she utters the *Command* !
Eftsoons the *Urchins* to their *Tasks* repair :
Their *Books* of Stature small take they in Hand,
Which with pellucid *Horn* secured are ;
To save from *Finger* wet the *Letters* fair :
The Work so quaint that on their *Backs* is seen,
St. *George's* high *Atchievements* does declare :
On which thilk *Wight* that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming *Rod*, unpleasing Sight, I
ween.

XIV.

XIV.

* O ruthful Scene ! when from a *Nook* obscure
His little *Sister* does his Perils see :
All *playful* as she fate, she grows *demure*,
She finds, with his, her wonted *Spirits* flee ;
She meditates a *Prayer* to set him free :
Nor gentle *Pardon* cou'd the *Dame* deny
(If gentle *Pardon* cou'd with *Dames* agree)
To her sad *Grief*, which swells in either Eye,
And wrings her so, that all for *Pity* she cou'd die.

XV.

* ——— tum vero exterritus, amens,
Conclamat Nisus : nec se celare tenebris
Amplius, aut tantum potuit perferre dolorem :
Me, me : adsum, qui feci : in me convertite ferrum ;
O ! Rutuli, mea fraus omnis : nihil iste, nec ausus,
Nec potuit : cælum hoc & conscia sidera testor :
Tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.

VIRG.

XV.

Nor longer cou'd she now her *Shrieks* command,
Which soon disclos'd the Place of her *Retire* :
And forth she rush'd, and with presumptuous Hand
Arrests the *Rod* ; so *Friendship* does inspire —
On *me*, she cries, on *me* convert your Ire:
Him spare, for *He* no greater *Crime* did know,
Than fond *Compliance* with my vain *Desire* —
Whimp'ring she sighs, the *Tears* begin to flow,
And give a *Loose* at last to unavailing *Woe*.

XVI.

But ah ! what *Pen* his woeful *Plight* can trace,
Or what *Device* his loud *Laments* explain !
The *Form* uncouth of his disguised *Face* !
The *pallid Hue* that dyes his *Looks* amain !

The

The plenteous *Show'r* that does his *Cheek* distain !
 When he in abject wise implores the *Dame*,
 Ne hopeth ought of sweet *Reprieve* to gain ;
 Or when from high she levels well her *Aim*,
 And thro' the *Thatch* his *Cries* each falling *Stroke*
 proclaim.

XVII.

The other *Tribe*, aghast, with fore *Dismay*,
 Attend, and conn their *Tasks* with mickle Care :
 By turns, astoni'd, ev'rich *Twig* survey,
 And from their *Fellow's* uncouth *Wounds* beware ;
 Knowing, I wist, how *each* the same may share :
 'Till *Fear* has taught 'em a *Performance* meet,
 And to the well-known *Chest* the *Dame* repair,
 Whence oft with sugar'd *Cates* she doth them greet,
 And *Gingerbread* y-rare, now, certes, doubly sweet.

XVIII.

XVIII.

See! to their *Seats* all hie with merry *Glee*,
And in befeemly *Order* fitten there!
All, but the *Wight* of Bum y-galled, he
Abhors both *Bench*, and *Stool*, and *Form*, and
Chair.

(This Hand in *Mouth* y-fix'd, that rends his *Hair* :)
And eke with *Snubs* profound, and heaving *Breast*,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous *Wrong*, his Dame's unjust *Bebest*,
And scorns her proffer'd *Love*, and shuns to be ca-
refs'd.

XIX.

His *Face* † besprent with liquid *Crystal* shines,
His blooming *Face*, that seems a purple *Flow'r**,
Which low to *Earth* its drooping *Head* declines,
There smear'd, and sully'd by a Summer's *Show'r*;
The

† Sprinkled.

* *Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens ; lassove papavera collo
Demisere caput, pluviâ cum forte gravantur.*

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The piteous *Slave* of *Eolus's* Pow'r !

All, all but *He*, the Author of it's *Shame*,

All, all but *He*, regret it's ruthful *Stour* § :

Yet hence the *Youth*, and hence the *Flow'r* shall
claim,

If so I deem aright, transcending *Worth* and *Fame*.

XX.

Behind some *Door* in melancholy Thought,

Mindless of *Food*, he, dreary *Caitiff*, pines ;

Ne for his Fellow's Joyaunce careth ought,

But to the *Winds* all *Merriment* resigns ;

And deems it *Shame* if he to *Peace* inclines :

And many a fullen *Look* * askaunce is sent,

Which for his *Dame's* Annoyance he designs :

And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,

The more doth he, perverse, her *Haviour* past re-
sent.

XXI.

§ *Stour*, Assault —

* *Aside*.

XXI.

Ah me! how much I fear lest *Pride* it be!
But if that *Pride* it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye *Dames*, with nice *Discernment* see
Ye quench not too the *Sparks* of nobler *Fires*!
Ah! better far than all the *Muse's* *Lyres*,
Than Coward *Art*, is *Valour's* gen'rous *Heat*;
The firm, fix'd *Breast*, which *fit* and *right* requires,
Like *Vernon's* Patriot-Soul, more nobly great
Than *Craft*, that pimps for *Ill*, or flow'ry false *De-*
ceit.

XXII.

Soft sleep the *Dust* of her deserving *Shade*,
Whose early Care, *Ar——le*, attemper'd thee!
And knew what *Mind* must give his *Britons* Aid,
And knew what *Breast*, preserve a *Nation* free,
Thankless,

Thankless, to her no *Statues* to decree !
 So long as *Parties* in thy *Praise* unite,
 So long as *Muses* in thy *Frame* agree,
 Soft sleep her *Dust* ; her *Soul* has took its *Flight*
 Whither the *Souls* do fly of those that act *aright*.

XXIII.

Yet sprung from *Birch*, what *dazzling* Fruits appear !
 * Ev'n now sagacious *Forefight* points to shew
 A little *Bench* of heedless *Bishops* here,
 And there a *Chancellor* in Embryo ;
 Or *Bard*, sublime, (if *Bard* may e'er be so,)
 As *Milton*, *Shakespear* ; Names that ne'er shall die !
 Tho' now he crawl all on the *Ground* so low,
 Nor weeting how the *Muse* shou'd soar on *high*,
 Wishes, poor starv'ling *Elf* ! his *Paper-Kite* may fly.

XXIV.

* ——— *convallæ virenti*

*Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,
 Lustrabat.*

VIRG.

XXIV.

And some there be, (ah, *Pity* some there be!)
Brimful of *Jest*, and *Merriment*, and *Play*,
Each one as brisk, as promising, to see,
As he shall note who seeks a Summer's Day,
Yet must in *Wisdom's* Mazes lose their *Way*!
Despising *Books* (ah, who wou'd *Books* despise!)
'Till *Folly* lead them countless *Leagues* astray:
And many a one, mature, all heedless tries
To leap a fix-barr'd *Gate*, and tumbles down, and
dies.

XXV.

But see, the Hour of *Pleasaunce* draweth near,
And forth they usher debonnair and gay,
And, standing on the *Green*, with jocund *Leer*,
Salute the *Stranger* passing on his *Way*:

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Some builden fragile *Tenements* of Clay:
 Some to the standing *Lake* their Courses bend,
 With Pebbles smooth at *Duck and Drake* to play;
 Thilk to the *Huxter's* fav'ry Cottage tend,
 In Pastry *King's* and *Queens* th'allotted *Mite* to
 spend.

XXVI.

Here, as each *Season* yields a diff'rent *Store*,
 Each *Season's* Stores in order ranged been ;
Apples, with Cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
 Galling full fore th'unmoney'd *Wight*, are seen ;
 And *Goose-b'rie* clad in Liv'ry red and green ;
 And here, of lovely Dye, the *Cath'rine Pear*,
 Fine *Pear* ! as lovely for thy *Juice*, I ween ;
 O may no *Wight* e'er pennylefs come there,
 Left smit with ardent *Love* he pine with hopeless
Care !

XXVII.

XXVII.

See *Cherries* here, e'er *Cherries* yet abound,
With *Thread* so white in luscious *Bundles* ty'd,
Scatt'ring, like blooming *Maid*, their Glances round,
* With pamper'd *Looks* draw little *Eyes* aside!
These must be bought, tho' *Penury* betide:
The *Plumb* all azure, and the *Nut* all brown,
The purple *Grape*, and here those *Cakes* are spy'd
Whose honour'd *Name*, th'inventive *City* own,
Rend'ring thro' *Britain's* Isle *Salopia's* Praises
known †.

D d 2

XXVIII.

* ——— *ingentes oculo retorto.*
Spectat acervos.

† *Shrewsbury-Cakes.*

XXVIII.

Admir'd *Salopia* ! that with *venial* Pride
 Views her fair *Form* in *Severn's* lucid Wave ;
 Fam'd for a Race of Sons in Battle try'd,
 Their *Minds* as loyal, as their *Breasts* were brave ;
 Ah, midst the rest, may Flowrets grace *his* Grave,
 Whose *Art* did first these dulcet *Cates* display ;
 A Motive fair to *Learning's* Imps he gave,
 Who *cheerless* o'r her darkling *Region* stray,
 Till *Reason's* Morn arise, and *light* them on their
 Way.





The COUNTRY PARSON.

In Imitation of SPENCER.

I.

BETWEEN the smooth *Descent* of yonder *Hills*,
Deep in the *Vale*, with tufted *Trees* beset,
Whose antique *Roots* are wash'd with brawling *Rills*,
Whose leafy *Arms* the *Summer's* Rage defeat,
There lies a *Country Parson's* cool *Retreat*;
View well the silent *Shade* with sober *Eye*,
And wonder at the *Courtier's* swollen *Luxury*.

II.

See too his *Garden Pale*, where, close ally'd
 A decent *Church*, th' adjacent *Glebe*, commands;
 Whose *Steeple's* stock'd with *Bells*, the *Country's* *Pride*
 Whose *Beams* are wreath'd about with *Virgin Bands*,
 Wove on the *Bridal Day* by *Virgin Hands*;
 The *Surplice* clean, and *Chancel* newly whited,
 That with the good Man's *Neatness* all must be de-
lighted.

III.

His *House* stands near, this *Church's* younger *Brother*,
 Whose *Furniture* shews housewifely and neat;
 A little *Garden* runs from *One* to *T'other*,
 Stately in *Use* — excluding useless *State*:
 In which a *Yew Tree* stands, of ancient *Date*;
 And near it *Rosemary* climbs up the *Walls*,
 Or else imperfect were the *Rites* of *Funerals*.

IV.

IV.

Him liveth *near*, in gentle *Neighbourhood*;
An heartsome *Friend*, replete with bounteous *Love*;
Whose gen'rous *Wine* long time hath *corked* stood,
Not to *avoid* the *Taste*, but to *improve* :
With *Him* the good Man's *Moments* softly *move*.
Nor yet *compleat* ; if I shou'd leave untold,
The *Dame* who, oft, his Joys sweet *Partnership* doth
hold.

V.

Eight Years hath *Heav'n* possess'd them of a *Boy*,
Who loves a *Sister*, younger by a *Year* ;
Whose simple *Innocence*, with silent *Joy*
They *view* — and *smile* upon the prattling *Pair* —
Who two sweet *Roses* on one *Stock* appear :
Then think upon *Themselves*, once fair and young,
Before soft *Cupid's* golden *Bow* became *unstrung*.

VI.

Each *Sun* arises fresh with new *Content*,
 And *leads* them on a *Course* of pure *Delight*,
 With equal *Joy* their *Summer's* Day is *spent*,
 And o'er a chearful *Fire*, their *Winter's* Night.
 Such are their *Joy*s who lead their *Lives* aright ;
 Tho' *Seasons change*, no *Sense* of *Change* they *know*,
 But, with an equal *Eye*, view all *Things* here *below*.

VII.

When th' am'rous *Earth* is woo'd with smiling
Weather,
 To wear the verdant *Mantle* of the *Spring*,
 Forth goes the little *Family* together,
 To view the *Wood*, and hear its *Natives* sing ;
 The *Flow'rs* sweet *Odours* to their *Senses* bring ;
 The *World* appears in *Blossom*, far and near,
 Joyful They view the purple *Promise* of the *Year*.

VIII.

VIII.

Summer beholds the *Good Man* near his *Bride*,
In sweet *Contentment*, smoking in his *Chair*;
He spies the *Flocks* nibbling the *Mountain's Side*,
And ev'ry *Tenth* he reckons to his *Share* :
Now to the *Hay-Field* walk the *happy Pair*,
And with such *Kindness* greet the *Country Folk*,
The *Parson's Bush* is plac'd upon the *biggest Cock*.

IX.

The promis'd *Fruit* now fills the teeming *Soil*,
And certain *Plenty* all his *Fears* *relieves*,
The *Peach* He *planted* pays his honest *Toil*,
The *Farmer* brings him *home* his yellow *Sheaves*.
And his stuff'd *Barn* the willing *Tax* receives :
His *Servants* to his cluster'd *Orchards* hye,
To lay in liquid *Stores* for future *Jollity*.

X.

When Icy *Bands* the stiffen'd Wave *enfold*,
 He in his *House* is still *contented* found,
 Chafing with chearful *Blaze* the chilly *Cold*;
 All Winter *Thoughts* in circling *Cups* are 'drown'd,
 And no *Ill-Nature* sends the *Laugh* around:
 Or in his *Study* pent, thinks what to say,
 May touch — but not offend the *Squire* next *Sabbath*
Day.

XI.

Thus still in *Age* the *same*, he journeys on,
 Till envious *Fate* o'ertakes him on the *Road*;
 For the calm *Pleasures* of the *Holy Man*
 Claim not the *Madness* of a youthful *Blood*:
 For many *Winters* thus serenely stood,
 Strong in its smooth *Decline*, the sturdy *Oak*,
 Till came from *Heav'n* th'unfear'd and unresisted
Stroke.



The End of the First Volume.



T H E
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